

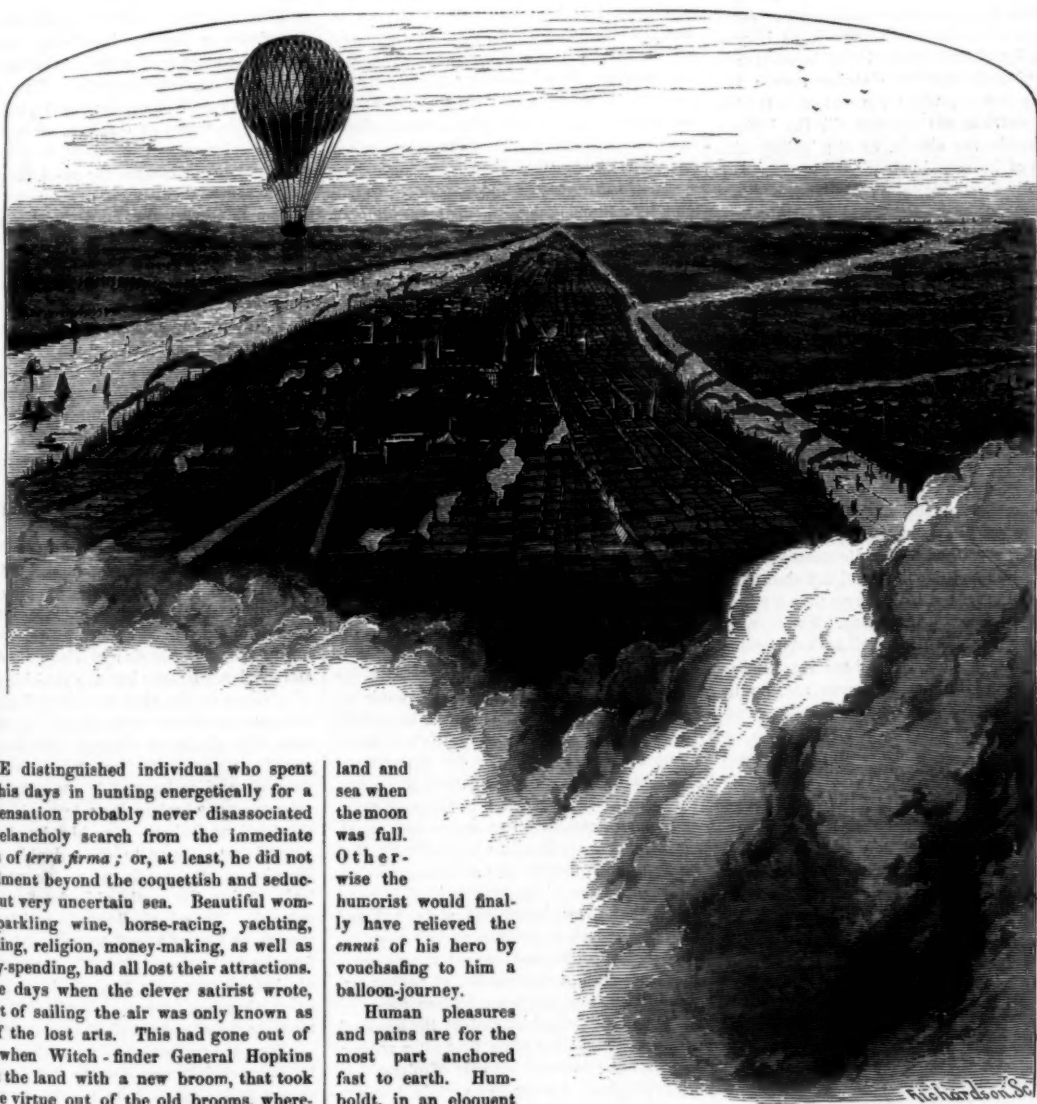
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A MID-AIR ITINERARY.*



THE distinguished individual who spent his days in hunting energetically for a new sensation probably never disassociated his melancholy search from the immediate things of *terra firma*; or, at least, he did not experiment beyond the coquettish and seductive but very uncertain sea. Beautiful women, sparkling wine, horse-racing, yachting, gambling, religion, money-making, as well as money-spending, had all lost their attractions. In the days when the clever satirist wrote, the art of sailing the air was only known as one of the lost arts. This had gone out of date when Witch-finder General Hopkins swept the land with a new broom, that took all the virtue out of the old brooms, whereon withered gossips were wont to sweep the

land and sea when the moon was full. Otherwise the humorist would finally have relieved the *ennui* of his hero by vouchsafing to him a balloon-journey.

Human pleasures and pains are for the most part anchored fast to earth. Humboldt, in an eloquent passage of his "South-American Travels," paints graphically his sensations during the great earthquake at Caracas. He attributes the greatest distress arising from the awful convulsions to the thought that the firm and solid earth, the trusty foundation of life and repose, the one immobile and sure reality,

was about to realize the parallel with which Shakespeare's magician, *Prospero*, moralizes over his vanishing enchantments. The common things of every-day life illustrate this helpless and instinctive dependence of man on the not very large sphere over which he

* The writer, in this article, has aimed less to give an actual record of the facts of a recent aerial voyage, made with a daring and accomplished aeronaut, than to convey personal impressions and experiences in *super-terrestrial* travel; in other words, to make the description of subjective rather than objective interest.

crawls, with equal force. It is in view of this sentiment that the aeronaut may claim certain indescribable experiences which have no parallel. True, the hero of a hundred ascensions may find his imagination becoming callous with too much use. The gloss of novelty may wear away, and leave nothing but the homely texture of professional business. But—

"The hand of little employment hath the daintier sense."

and few can hope to realize such strange and thrilling impressions otherwise than through this phantom-journeying. For is not the whole thing weird and spectre-like in the extreme, in spite of its being a matter of science and calculation? The silent but tremendous leap from the anchorage of earth into mid-air; the stealthy rush, as if propelled by the wings of invisible creatures, of a gigantic shadow cleaving space; the rapid recession, while the watch is ticking short and anxious minutes, till the balloon vanishes in the clouds, as if mingling with things of its own kind—what can more fantastically tinge a certainty of science and fact with touches of the weird and unearthly—

"The light that never was on sea or land?"

If such be the feelings of the spectator whose eyes and thoughts only go upward, while his feet are rooted fast to solid foundations, what must be the impressions of the aerial traveler gliding between earth and sky with the silence of destiny, but the speed of an express-train? This query I shall seek to answer, though with only faint hopes of conveying to the reader a vivid mental picture.

The chance of making a somewhat lengthened voyage in the air with so experienced and competent a pilot as Mr. Donaldson was gladly seized by the writer as the satisfaction of a long-cherished wish. Between the level of the earth and two thousand feet aloft there was an interval but little longer than the time it takes to record it in writing. The traveler gazes over the side of the frail basket in which he hangs suspended, triumphant over the law of gravity. He himself moves not, for he seems in a veritable Mohammed's coffin, something which the heavens and earth both reject; for the earth flees away with rapid pace, while the blue sky, with its ever-expanding arch, mocks him with its sense of illimitable distance. Clouds may approach and extend their shadowy hands, but, far above, the domain of emptiness baffles thought and vision with an invisible wall. The fellowship of humanity has departed. An awful sense of isolation coils itself about the heart, unrelieved by the consciousness of companion voyagers. Coleridge, with consummate art in grouping the surroundings, has, in the "Rime of the Ancient Mariner," painted a vision of utter and helpless solitude almost matchless in its fineness of imaginative touches. It is doubtful, however, whether any survivor of shipwreck could feel such intense moments of isolation as those likely to assail the unpractised air-traveler shortly after his departure from earth. The idea of distance, to most a mere abstract quantity, becomes a palpable and stunning fact, which he touches as well as sees. He measures both by the fixed standard of sense and the variable one

of imagination, and the resultant effect is one of incredible force.

Does the reader ask if there is no feeling of giddiness? Explorers have described their gazing into the awful chasm of the great Colorado Cañon, and their maddening desire to leap into its cruel depths. More than one of the readers of the JOURNAL have probably ascended to the top of the Strasbourg Cathedral, or the Pyramid of Cheops, and experienced a similar phenomenon, the inexplicable craving to dash like a thunder-bolt through the yawning void. This momentary madness is a fever of the nerves rather than of the brain, the quick, fierce craze which commences in a vertigo and ends in the instinct to do that which no man has done without a horrible fate.

The aeronaut knows no such sensation. The giddiness is a delicious bewilderment of the mind, that leaves the nerves firm and well-balanced. He does not hang immovably poised, with time and temptation to brood on an act of sublime folly. The fair earth swings swiftly below in restless march, its shining waters and forests and cities and hills parading in holiday splendor, like countless squadrons marching in review before their commander. He seems to be enthroned on an aerial dais, and the gorgeous spectacle beneath and around him to be enacted solely for his benefit.

To the first intense feeling of loneliness that assails the traveler at leaving the earth so far below, there succeeds one of absorbing delight, of gladness in this one perfect vision of Nature. There is no longer room for any petty personal thought. The sense of self is measured and found wanting.

To paint to the mind of the reader any approximate picture of New York and vicinity, as seen from the stand-point of the balloon, would be a vain endeavor. Only faint gleams of the truth can be suggested, and this only by the potent coöperation of the reader's fancy. The great city queening it on the shores of her glittering bay, with countless spires blazing in the sunshine, yet too far away to be a thing of details; the water of the Sound outrunning the sight in its race to the ocean, and spotted with vessels that crawl along its silvery pathway; the Hudson undulating through hills and valleys like a serpent with bright scales; fifty miles of green and picturesque sweep on every side, terminating on the south with a white streak, that indicates the rollers of the Atlantic, and elsewhere in an exquisite gradation of line and color, that tones forest and plain, hill and valley, into such an horizon as only the sky-traveler can witness—these are the elements that constitute a perspective of beauty and wonderment that will never be forgotten.

Thought is filled so full of the sense of æsthetic delight for some time after ascending, that one powerful element of pleasure is without value. I refer to a certain delicious sense of peril which soon gives a peculiar piquancy to the sensation. This is far apart from the ignoble passion of fear. It is rather akin to the joy of perfect irresponsibility experienced during a tempest at sea. Only in this case the novel conditions enhance the activity of the effects. The aeronaut, who is more at home in the air than on the earth,

explains the structure of the balloon, and the security with which the wicker-basket is attached to it. He points out with great care how the stout ropes pass entirely through the basket-work, and that nothing but the cut of a knife can sever them. In spite of this certainty, however, the imagination busies itself in finding outlet for a sentiment which, though miserable and debasing in its excess, in slight force adds a more active charm to the enjoyments of life. Could there be liberty of choice, he would make a great blunder who would choose to be without some appreciation of danger in his aerial experience. It would be like salad without the dressing, or champagne without the sparkle.

Probably no aeronaut, however great his experience or physical hardihood, ever frees himself entirely from a feeling that his vocation is one of exceptional risk. To many natures this would be captivating by its tax on remarkable forces of courage, self-command, and moral vigor. This alone, it may be, is sufficient to account for the passionate pleasure of aeronauts in their profession. There is something very appalling in the notion of death by falling from a great altitude; a mile of height has untold terrors.

Does the reader know what a mile of altitude means? Let me assist the comprehension. A stone was dropped over the side of the basket at this height by the writer. Time was measured, not merely by watch-ticks, but by heart-beats of intense expectation. Slowly the second-hand made its round; one minute passed. A few seconds more elapsed before the crash of the missile on the earth was heard booming up from below.

At least twenty seconds would elapse before the consciousness of a miserable wretch who should fall from such a height would succumb to breathless agony. Imagination and memory combine to paint terrible pictures in the brain. For his mind, spurred into the activity of a demi-god by inconceivable suffering, each second breeds a myriad of thoughts and fancies. He catches the vanishing form of a cloud in the sky; a thousand glorious sunsets, associated with happy memories, rush like phantoms through his thoughts, mocking him with their awful beauty. Underneath and through all is the intense consciousness of absolute doom, from which only the hand of God can save him by violating natural law. He is to die a double death. He pictures the result, when his wretched body strikes the earth with the force of a catapult. He feels the agony in anticipation, though he knows he will be unconscious before the final catastrophe. Not only will he die, but his very body be dashed into a quivering, shapeless horror. All this, and much more, he feels in that hell of twenty seconds.

From the realization of such a fate as this the fancy shrinks with a terror that few other deaths have for it. It is the remote possibility of this fate—always, however, to be averted by skill and caution—which gives a fascination to traveling by balloon in direct ratio to the fearfulness of a catastrophe suggested. Though there have been several notable instances of such accidents, as compared with the great number of aeronautic expeditions within the last hundred years

they have been but few. It is asserted, indeed, on excellent authority, that the number of casualties in air-traveling has been proportionately smaller than those by rail and sea-voyage. So logic and statistics are always at hand to quell the excitements of a novel situation.

Let us hastily glance at some of the real perils of air-travel, which alike add zest to the pleasure it gives as a scientific toy, and nullify any large practical benefit to mankind.

In the first place, all attempts to provide an efficient steering apparatus for the balloon have been futile. Many ingenious contrivances have been tested, and found useless; but it is only just to say that scientific enthusiasts are by no means discouraged in their hopes. The difficulties in the way are easily seen. The air as a medium of passage furnishes a very slight friction, a condition indispensable to change of direction. Again, the same agency which furnishes the propelling force is that which must be depended on to modify the course. The possibility of counter-effects is thus seriously impaired. Again, the pressure on all sides of the balloon is equal, unlike that only successful sea-voyager, the bird, whose shape gives the minimum of pressure in the line of direction. French experimentalists, among them the well-known M. Tissendier, insist that the problem may be easily solved. But this age believes that one fact outweighs a thousand theories. And it is perfectly certain that, out of the countless devices in the patent-offices of France, Great Britain, and America, not one answers the purpose. Great stress has been laid on the natural currents of air flowing at different heights in different directions. But, aside from the vagueness of our information in regard to these, the problem of the balloon cannot be regarded as settled till some directive force can be attained partially independent of aerial currents.

Secondly, the varying dryness and moisture of different strata of clouds affect the lifting power of the balloon in a remarkable fashion. One who has never ascended in this fantastic vehicle will fail to appreciate how slight a relief of weight will cause it to shoot upward. Even a few pieces of paper thrown over the side produce a noticeable effect. The law acts with equal force inversely. In passing through a heavy bank of rain-clouds, the heavy deposit of moisture may so increase the weight that the most active discharge of ballast will hardly prevent a violent, perhaps dangerous, collision with the earth. Should the place of involuntary descent be a thick and lofty forest, or a large body of water, such as the sea or a great lake, the peril becomes extreme. La Mountain, the aeronaut, met his fate in this manner.

The last danger has been partly obviated by Mr. Green's device of a long guide-rope suspended from the ring above the car. This acts as a substitute for ballast, as every inch of it resting on the ground relieves the balloon of an equivalent portion of its weight. While this device is of no slight benefit to the aerial traveler, it is as mischievous as the mythical Puck in its dealing with the dwellers

on the earth. It may coil around chimneys, and lift them with irresistible power. The aeronaut feels a slight quiver of his basket-seat, and the next moment hears the roar of the crashing bricks. Animals become entangled in it, and are dragged across long meadows before they are released. Fences are demolished in the twinkling of an eye, and hay and grain stacks scattered abroad with ruthless indifference. These, however, must be looked on as the sacrifices that rustic victims are called on to make at the altar of science.

In the third place, there is always more or less peril in passing through the region of storm-clouds charged with electricity. This is especially the fact when the balloon becomes covered with moisture. The last difficulty, however, is comparatively trivial beside the first two mentioned, and, on the whole, it is safe to assert that the probabilities of accident, where the air-ship is made after the most approved models, and managed under the guidance of an experienced pilot, are by no means such as to alarm a sensible mind that can free itself from the domination of fancy. The wonderful feats which have been accomplished by aeronauts, though they have rather been in the way of vertical ascension than latitude, constitute some of the most fascinating pages in science. One of these will be referred to hereafter.

In the mean while, let me record some of the more commonplace disasters, not without their amusing features, which the hardy aeronaut relates with no little sense of humor, for he is in a jocular mood under that magnificent moon, which burns so whitely in an unclouded sky of intense blue, and deluges the cloud-masses beneath with a flood of silvery flame.

"With plenty of leeway and a full supply of gas, one might go on forever in such weather as this, and be as safe as in one's parlor down there below a mile or two."

"Yes," says one of the party, "but suppose we should strike a current which would carry us out over the water?"

"It would simply be a matter of rising or falling then into a current of different directions."

"All very good in theory," replies another of the passengers, "but there is something very dubious about these air-currents flowing steadily in different directions. During the last two hours we have been experimenting with successive strata of air for more than a mile in height with but one result—a steady northeast current, and evidently a local one at that. Should the current change and sweep the balloon out over the waters of the Sound, what would be the result?"

Our pilot balances himself with an indifferent air on the side of the basket, as if he were lounging on his door-step, and replies, with a grim twinkle:

"Well! I guess, my friends, you would have to swim in that case. You should never have come up in a balloon unless you were good swimmers, or had life-preservers with you. It's always best to be prepared for contingencies, you know. I have always carried a life-preserver since I took a plunge in Lake Michigan a few years ago."

"How was that?"

"Well, you must know I was making a westward trip from Buffalo, and had first-class luck till I neared the eastern edge of Lake Michigan. The weather had been splendid and the wind strong, so that I'd made tremendous speed. I thought the chances of landing in or near Chicago very good. After all, it was near Chicago, but one could hardly call it *landing*. The weather had been getting a little lowering for some time, and, fairly over the water, it commenced to rain. The gas had been escaping fast, and with the weight of the rain down the balloon commenced to go like a shot. The air was so thick, I didn't know just what part of the lake it was, but, as good luck would have it, it was only about three miles from shore."

"How did you manage?"

"Oh, I succeeded in wriggling off boots and coat before we struck. After being under water for some time I struggled out of the basket, and clung to the side. I fancied that was better than swimming, especially as I didn't wish any danger to happen to the balloon. 'Stick to your ship,' is the motto of every good captain. So we drifted and drifted for a couple of hours, and at last we reached shore. The balloon was all right, and no damage done, except that I was as wet as a water-dog, and badly chilled with the long bath."

"Well," said one of the party, "that is a phase of 'ballooning' I've no desire to go through."

The aeronaut replies with a jolly chuckle, and intimates that it is nothing after one is used to it.

"It's far better," says he, "to get an unceremonious introduction to Lake Michigan, or even to old Ocean himself, unless too far away from the shore, than to descend in a North-Carolina swamp, and serve as a rifle-target for a party of savage and ignorant backwoodsmen. That is a thing, now, which shakes up a chap's nerves a little."

"Tell us about it," was the response of all in a chorus.

"The story is something like this. I made an ascension from Norfolk, Virginia, not long after the close of the war, and, after I had been up an hour or two, the wind took me Carolina-ward. When I'd been in the air about six hours, I found that the bag, which was not a very large one, was leaking fast. The sun had pretty nearly set, and, the country being bleak and desolate, it seemed best to get down to earth before night, so as to make sure of assistance and shelter. I sighted smoke rising from the piny woods just on the edge of a big swamp. 'Now here's my chance,' I said to myself; so I opened the valve, and the balloon settled right down through an opening in the trees. I managed to get the drag-rope clear of the forest-branches, but found myself jammed in the tree-tops. So I shouted for help, and three or four lank, brown fellows, dressed in homespun, bareheaded and barefooted, rushed through the woods till they caught a sight of the balloon. Bless my soul! you never saw such a dazed lot of chaps in your life. They stared a while, open-mouthed, as if they'd seen the d—l himself. Then two of them started at racing speed for their

shanties, while I was roaring out to take hold of the rope and pull down when I'd lifted a little and got clear of the tree-tops. Well, it wasn't long before the two came back with what seemed to be long crowbars in their hands. While I was wondering what they were going to do with crowbars, they raised them up, and blazed away at me, as if I'd been a squirrel or coon. Great wonder they didn't riddle the balloon, even if they didn't put a hole through me. They can mostly pick a squirrel through the eye every time. It must have been the dark, for the long shadows were filling the woods full of gloom, and the tree-tops were pretty close. However, I didn't wait for them to reload, but kept up such a shouting that they at last got it through their thick skulls that it wasn't some huge monster of a bird up there, but a fellow-creature who wanted help. So at last I got down safely, and the wonder was that there wasn't even a hole in the gas-bag. Bad habit that, to blaze away with rifle or shot-gun at any thing one doesn't understand, and it's a pretty general vice in the South. On the whole, I prefer 'ballooning' in the North."

So our raconteur tells narratives of his adventures by field and flood with great gusto, while the graceful phantom-ship sails on a smooth and even keel through gorgeous skies, frescoed in shapes and shadings of inconceivable beauty by the long, level rays of the rising moon. Up from the distant earth came a faint, sweet hum—Nature speaking with a multitudinous voice, the singing of the tree-tops, the tinkling of cascades, the faint tone of human speech muffled into murmurs, the lowing of cattle, all mingled in a symphony, soothing and melodious beyond the power of words. It seemed a veritable Sabbath in the mid-sky, and the incense of worship filled the air with suggestions that the most hardened and irreverent nature could not long withstand. Indeed, the most vivid impression produced on my mind during some ten hours of air-travel was this mysterious consciousness of some overpowering presence filling space. This was particularly the case at great heights, enhanced then perhaps by the same physical effects experienced in mountain-climbing.

The ears begin to fill with a humming sensation, and appear to be muffled with invisible pads. Piercing pains shoot through the brain as if a warning against further invasion of this domain of the gods. Voices in conversation sound distant and hushed, as if talkers were speaking with bated breath in approaching the altar-steps of some supernal power. Coleridge has a very vivid and powerful stanza:

"Like one who, on a lonely road,
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And, having once turned round, walks on,
And turns no more his head—
For well he knows that close behind
A frightful fiend doth tread."

An analogous feeling creeps over one's self-consciousness at great aerial heights, only it is not so much a sentiment of fear and dread as of supreme awe. The majority of men, in certain moods and at times, have known some inkling of the ecstasy of which

Wordsworth sings in his poem on "Tintern Abbey:"

"The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion; the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colors and their forms, were then to me
An appetite—a feeling and a love
That had no need of a remoter charm."

To know this delight in its full energy, to stand not merely in the presence of the sublime, but to be surrounded and interpenetrated with its thought, can nowhere meet with all its conditions of fulfillment so perfectly as in the consciousness of suspension between earth and sky. The power of space both in exciting the imagination and furnishing a framework for its pictures can hardly be over-estimated. Where the idea of space measures with its plummet downward as well as laterally and upward, the effects are necessarily increased tenfold.

Altitude of the beholder adds to these ordinary effects of distance a much more expanded horizon, and the ability to measure space by the landmarks on the vast concave surface which swings beneath with its stretches of greenery, laced with the silver of shining waters. Perhaps this startling idea of space as a reality, not a condition, which comes to the aerial traveler, is most in the secret of the solemn impressions that crowd out all meaner thoughts, and whisper so eloquently of his own utter insignificance.

In many respects the crowning beauty for variety and interest to the lover of Nature is found in the study of cloud-forms. As much deep, sensuous delight of color and form as the fantastic masses of vapor that float through the sky bestow, there are but few who have studied them intelligently. We must look mostly to the painter and poet for any evidence of searching attention to the most splendid exhibitions of her handiwork vouchsafed by Nature to man. It is, perhaps, the infinite changeability and succession of these beauties which tend to absorb the average thought in the sense of pure enjoyment and admiration, which seeks no end but itself.

I think, however sensitive to the glories of color and the fantastic symmetry of combinations any one may be, he will not have reached his fullest stretch of appreciation unless he has ascended several thousand feet above the surface of the earth. The day of the writer's aeronautic experience a few weeks since was in several respects peculiarly favorable. The sky was full of cumulus clouds, and, as the sun approached its setting, these massed themselves, with their mighty alabaster buttresses, in the direct line of his pathway. In the ordinary level of vision this closing scene of the exquisite spectacle, which the sun joins with the forms of water and the deep blue of the sky to enact every day, must have been exceptionally fine on the evening referred to.

To the aerial voyagers, who were then making their first flight in the upper ether, the vision so far transcended all previous revelations of sun-painting as to be one of the lasting memories of life. As we ordinarily look at the clouds, they give the impression of surface, and not of depth. People rarely stop to think that these masses may be of enormous thickness, and far above them may

be other strata, with clear space glittering between, and vast fissures dividing them like mountain cañons. The effect of rays of sunlight slanting on cloud-masses above the head of the spectator gives simply a surface-play of color. Viewing the same spectacle from an altitude on a level with or above the clouds, the reader may fancy how far more splendid the freaks and fantasies of the light. The clouds are seen laterally, and the sunbeams flash around the edges and sides with an overpowering brightness and richness of tints. From the lower clouds, burning with the light of this transfiguration, the dazzled eye looks above, and another great lake of prismatic flame looks down. The idea of form, blurred to the skyward-looking spectator on the earth by the law of perspective, is brought out in the sharpest relief by the lateral divisions of the clouds, and even the bewildering beauty of color and shading cannot destroy the sculptured distinctness of their swaying contours.

One of the most charming stories of Eastern fiction is that one in the "Arabian Nights" where Hassan of Balsora, in his search through the realms of enchantment after his lost wife, the daughter of the king of the genii, beholds a terrible battle fought in the upper air between the armies of the king and their rebellious brethren. The Arabian poet informs his readers that only to initiated eyes could the real nature of the mighty forms flashing in the heavens be known. To the earth-dweller it seemed but as the phantasmagoria of cloud-land.

The excited fancy of one riding high aloft in his floating car, and gazing into the illuminated depths of these myriad forms, rising above each other, and involved, fold in fold of iridescent light, might easily persuade itself that the seal of ignorance and misapprehension had been removed from the eyes; that this was, indeed, the battle of the armies of light and darkness, with flashing spears and waving banners, and the fancy of the Oriental dreamer true.

No less impressive than the effects of sunlight are those of the moon at great altitudes, though the latter are weird and spectral rather than gorgeous. The earth lies too far away for the feeble moonlight to bring out any strong relations of contrast on its varied surface. As the moon arose on the night of our aerial journey, the balloon was passing through a great bank of dense fog. Instantly the thick mist warmed into a milky whiteness that seemed to wrap us all in a tangible fleece. Here and there suggestions of opal hues could be seen gleaming softly and faintly through the vesicles of mist, and one could almost fancy himself shut in by a wall of porcelain. As the balloon arose, the light became clearer, and the fog broke away in fantastic wreaths, that floated through the still air as if they were streamers of delicate lace. The full light of the moon flooded the upper edge of the bank of mist with forms of silvery grace, as fringes tore themselves away only to reunite themselves to the parent foundation under new outlines. At an altitude of nearly two miles, the sky was almost cloudless, except the cirrus forms that floated slowly at an extreme height. The lan-

guld movement of these delicate and dreamy shapes, stretched out like the expanded wings of some colossal bird, was in keeping with the weird solitude of that lotus-land in the skies. Who could help thinking of the fine lines of Shelley?—

"A multitude of dense, white, fleecy clouds
Were wandering in thick flocks along the mountains,
Shepherded by the slow, unwilling winds."

Here, indeed, were no great ridges, whose mossy sides were clad with trees and verdure, and great pinnacles gathered the benediction of light as their rightful ornament. But was not that mighty blue dome, that stretched upward to infinity, a mountain of color and beauty, and under what other image could it be realized to the thought?

At this extreme height it was observed that not the faintest sound came from the earth sleeping below—silent moon and skies; silent lands in the depths beneath; silent rush of the phantom-vessel. Voices were dumb, as if fearing to break the glamour of enchantment. All that each one could hear was his own heart beat. It was one of the few moments of absolute solitude and silence that are given to a lifetime.

Below it had been quite chilly. Here in this mysterious domain where the stars shone so intensely in their black-blue dome, and the moon expanded into a larger whiteness, light itself became warmth. The few clouds that floated far aloft defined themselves with a magical clearness in the rare and dry atmosphere. Each undulation, each feathery fold, each shading, was pencilled with a delicacy beyond description. The clear-cut beauty of forms has often been remarked by aeronauts and mountain-climbers as by itself worth the while of artistic taste to study. This one hour of ten was the crowning experience of that novel journey, crowded full of pleasures. The height at which the party then floated, nearly ten thousand feet, bewilders the fancy as associated with human movements. Multiply this by four, and it will barely over-reach the extreme limit of aeronautic exploit. Mr. James Glaisher, the English scientist, arose to the astonishing altitude of thirty-seven thousand feet, or almost two miles above the pinnacle of the loftiest mountain on the planet.

It may be conceived that Mr. Glaisher was guided by a scientific enthusiasm entirely beyond the motives of ordinary explorers of the aerial void. His purpose was to solve the problem of the relation of temperature to the height of space and the law of decrease. His experience was so remarkable, and so nearly fatal, that it is worth describing. He was accompanied by Mr. Coxwell, an experienced aeronaut, who had made four hundred ascents. The experiment was without unusual results till the height of five and a half miles had been reached. Here Mr. Glaisher gradually lost the use of his limbs from excessive cold, and at last became insensible. His companion, who had the practical guidance of the balloon, attempted to climb up into the ring for the purpose of opening the valve. Here he became so entangled in the ropes that his own limbs stiffened, and he was compelled to slide back

into the car to procure restoratives. The critical condition of Mr. Glaisher excited his attention, but he could not linger, as there was no time to be lost. Every moment was precious, and the least delay might be fatal, for at any time his own waning strength might succumb to the terrible cold.

His hands again became powerless, and at last, with desperation, he seized the valve-rope in his teeth, and by dipping his head succeeded in securing an escape of the gas. The balloon then rapidly descended to a lower temperature, and both the daring men reached the ground without further difficulty or danger.

This is an example of the peril of ascending to extreme altitudes. But, of course, it is unnecessary to state that the impulse to such attempts has its growth in some rare and special purpose only.

The sense of altitude in balloon-travel has more force in the sunshine than by the light of moon and stars. It is rather a consciousness of nearness to the heavens than distance from the earth at night. The sombre veil which lies below checks the outgoing of thought downward, while the apparently preternatural largeness and brightness of the lights that stud the skies bring the imagination very near to them. It was with difficulty that the mind could be diverted from these sweet midnight illusions to realize that crushing sense of distance which had a few hours before pressed so fiercely on the brain. It was only by dropping a stone from the basket and timing the descent that the mind could again get full control of what was less a thought than a feeling.

There are few more picturesque verses in literature, and certainly none more vivid in their suggestions of height, than Tennyson's lines entitled "The Eagle":

"He clasps the crag with crooked hands,
Close to the sun in lonely lands,
Ringed with the azure world he stands;
The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls,
He watches from his mountain-walls,
And like a thunder-bolt he falls."

No thought, however, engendered by this splendidly forcible description, can in the least arouse that sense of terrible distance from the warmth, sympathy, and fellowship of humanity, as the ear watches for the faint and deathly crash of the long voiceless missile. Only by looking upward does the sense of loneliness get itself transformed from suffering into rapture.

Since the use of hydrogen gas as the lifting power of the balloon, an application that did not follow the discovery of the *montgolfière* for several years, there has been but little essential improvement in the construction of the balloon and car, except in minor particulars. The most important of these has been the invention of a gas-valve, which is alike certain in its operation and easy of management. If the improvement in the balloon itself has not been very notable, the art of aërostation must yet be credited with very marked progress. The larger knowledge of meteorology has furnished clews to the management of the balloon which have been successfully utilized by daring navigators. Yet, with all that may be conceded, the vagueness

of exact knowledge about the air-currents makes every ascension an experiment whose results cannot be foretold. Several long voyages in very brief spaces of time, among which may be specialized that of Mr. Green from London to Weilberg, Germany, five hundred miles in eighteen hours, and that of Messrs. Wise and La Mountain, in 1859, from St. Louis to Henderson County, New York, a distance of eleven hundred and fifty miles in twenty hours, would seem to indicate remarkable possibilities in the future of the art. But very long voyages have been so exceptional, and the combination of difficulties so great, that it is not easy to be very sanguine.

The late judgments of distinguished aeronauts in respect of the easterly current, on which the transatlantic project was based, seem to have grown out of very insufficient data. It is, at all events, a theory in which none but a few professional enthusiasts place any credit, and it is a question whether even these gentlemen are ready to risk their lives on their faith. Even if one balloon crosses to Europe in safety, it is nearly impossible to make that fact of any general practical value. The majority of experts abroad have quite reached the conclusion that, for uses of traffic or travel, the balloon can never be depended on.

In scientific experiments, the air-ship has been of great use, and, in not a few instances, been made to serve as an observatory. This adaptability might easily be extended, not only in scientific use, but to subserve the purposes of the painter. Art will find, in the beauties of color and form which this method of observation admits of, a field of study which, once tested, will be assiduously followed.

As a novel form of pleasure-excursion, balloon-travel will certainly in time take a strong hold of popular taste. Some of its experiences are without a parallel among all the means which men have devised to spur the sense of excitement to its full energy. The danger is just sufficient to give a piquant sauce to its fascination; the delights of the æsthetic sense are indescribable. Every moment is crowded full of a charm too subtle for words—

..... "The fretful stir
Unprofitable, and the fear of the world,"

are all forgotten, and the portals of a new world are opened alike for sensation and fancy. Coleridge has recorded in his great poem the wonderful impression made on him by the majesty of Mont Blanc. His prose description, too, is a hymn of thankfulness and reverence, little less striking than the poem. Such a sense of benediction falls with a sweet soothing on irritated nerves and anxious cares. It becomes easy to fling off the carking troubles and memories that are sown in every-day life as thick as dragons' teeth. As a potent prescription against hypochondria and all the collateral train of evils that have their root in an overweening sense of self, no help could be so efficient as that which would lift the thought and eyes to a standpoint of five thousand feet altitude in the upper space.

G. T. F

JEFFERSON AS A LOVER.

YOUNG Tom Jefferson, student at "Devilsburg," performer on the violin, and courtier of ladies, was a very different person from his excellency Thomas Jefferson, "Apostle of Democracy," and President of the United States. Yet they were the same. And, if the student-and-courtier phase was as much a part of the man's individuality as the public-presidential phase, why not consider it and delineate it? There is a false, and even a little mean, philosophy on this subject. History has become so "dignified" that she protests against familiar details of the lives and characters of her famous names as derogatory to them. They must stand, as statues, with folded arms, wrapped in Roman togas or voluminous cloaks. They must not eat, or laugh, or jest, or lower their lordly eyes to the everyday life around them. Mr. Turveydrop must not forget his "deportment," or Mr. Pecksniff his folding of the hands; and the consequence often is, that we laugh at these gentlemen, and say that their "dignity" is pretension or hypocrisy.

Jefferson is one of these historic figures; and we are apt to fancy him forever writing Declarations of Independence, or receiving, with an air of august dignity, at the front-door of Monticello, the pilgrim-visitors from every nation. It is either the great champion of the democratic idea, or the President, or the gray-haired celebrity, that we see in our imaginations. Observe the figure on the base of the monument at Richmond. It is of gigantic size, bronze, enveloped in a huge cloak; the hand holds the pen; the mighty head, "oppressive with its mind," droops toward the breast, and "we hold these truths to be self-evident" seems about to issue from the bronzed lips.

And yet Jefferson was not in the least a man of bronze. He was one of the gayest, the most familiar, the most unpretending people that ever lived. His manners were remarkably engaging. He was fond of chit-chat in dressing-gown and slippers. Ceremony was his abomination. He would not even wear silk stockings, substituting the democratic pantaloons. He would use no powder—it was too courtly. He would not receive the members of Congress, as Washington did, standing superbly in full court-dress, cocked-hat under arm, and shaking hands with nobody; but, when he had any thing to say to the Houses, sent an ordinary messenger, or rode and carried the paper, dismounting, switch in hand, and hitching his horse near the Capitol. His excellency was, in fact, the least "heroic" or "dignified" of men; and, in his early years, he was the gayest, most rollicksome, and most scampish of the students at the college at Williamsburg, a place which he habitually spoke and wrote of as "Devilsburg."

Some details of his "love-affairs" there, and of his marriage, may amuse the reader, and even add some fresh and characteristic touches to his portrait—worth drawing accurately, if it be worth drawing at all. The writer confesses his personal predilection for

tracing this familiar side of distinguished persons. Why deify them? They were only men. Why insist on bombastic eulogy and colorless generalization? They had their faults and failings—their foibles, oddities, eccentricities, humors. They laughed and wept, and played antics sometimes, as naturally as Shakespeare shot deer, and Henry IV. rolled on the floor among his children. Let us be shown General Lewis lighting his pipe as he goes into the battle of Point Pleasant, and General Scott eating his hasty plate of soup, and Judge Marshall carrying his turkey home from market, and Washington showing the young men how to throw quoits. The portrait is more life-like; and what we want above all things is a "good likeness."

Jefferson's early life at Williamsburg is delineated in his own letters, which remain and paint his picture clearly. There never was a more volatile young fellow. The future President had apparently no premonition whatever of his celebrity to be; he was simply a Virginia boy, with a decided tendency toward every species of fun; and an assiduous gallant among the little belles of the capital, where his heart seems to have been more than once broken, but promptly mended, after which he was ready for a new engagement with a new enemy. His personal appearance at that time, when he was just entering on manhood, was what is called ordinary. His hair was sandy, his face sunburnt and scarcely to be called handsome, and his figure was lank and angular. He was a good dancer, and a very creditable performer on the violin, of which he always remained fond. His manners were easy and informal—altogether, an "average" young gentleman, liked by those who knew him, but not rated by anybody as a prospective great man. All the accounts represent him as full of frolic and zest of life—ready for any escapade; prone to get into scrapes, and laugh his way out of them; and to pay his court to any little colonial Blue Eyes whom he fell in with. We first meet the youth, on his way to college, at the house of Colonel Dandridge, of Hanover, where he is seen jesting, dancing, and enjoying himself, while a bankrupt country merchant called Patrick Henry plays the fiddle and joins in the general merry-making. Then he appears at Williamsburg—and behold! young Tom Jefferson is launched on the restless surge of college-life. He tells us all about every thing and everybody in his letters. The old Raleigh Tavern, on Duke of Gloucester Street, where he is going to sit in solemn conclave, with other patriots, years after, is ringing with music, to which the beaux and belles are dancing in the famous "Apollo Room." Jefferson is there, with the rest, and the sighs of the lover mingle with the record of a grand college *émeute*. "Last night," he writes, "as merry as agreeable company and dancing with Belinda in the Apollo could make me, I never thought the succeeding sun would have seen me so wretched as I now am! Affairs at Williamsburg and Maryland are in the greatest confusion. Walker, McClurg, and Wat Jones, are expelled *pro tempore*. Lewis Burwell, Warner Lewis, and one Thompson, have fled to escape flagellation"—which, no doubt, young Jefferson himself might have exposed himself to

also. Of the *Belinda* here referred to he speaks with the extremest reserve. He trembles lest some one should penetrate the secret of his love, and identify its object. The young lady is called by the *sobriquet* of "*Belinda*," but that is far too plain. He writes it in Greek letters. But even then the mystery might be solved—so he reverses the letters, still in Greek, and the young lady becomes *Adnileb*. Still he is distrustful, and says to his correspondent, "I wish I had followed your example and wrote in Latin, and that I had called my dear *Campana in die*, instead of *Adnileb*."

"And now can the reader fancy the youth's meaning? *Campana in die* is *Bell-in-day*, and *Bell-in-day* is *Belinda*! Alas! he has not preserved his secret from posterity. *Belinda* was Miss Rebecca Burwell, a little beauty of the greatest loveliness of character, and young Mr. Jefferson can see and write of nobody else.

"Dear Will," he says to his friend, "I have thought of the cleverest plan of life that can be imagined. You exchange your land for Edgehill, or I mine for Fairfield; you marry S—P—, and I marry R—B—; join, and get a pole-chair and a pair of keen horses, practise the law in the same courts, and drive about to all the dames in the country together. How do you like it?"

The person who did not like it as much as the ardent youth no doubt desired was Miss R—B— herself. The young lady does not smile on the future President—or leaves him in most unpleasant uncertainty. He is absent for the moment, and writes to one of his friends: "I have not a syllable to write to you about. Would you that I should write nothing but the truth? I tell you that I know nothing that is true. Or would you rather that I should write you a pack of lies? Why, unless they were more ingenious than I am able to invent, they would furnish you with little amusement. How does R—B— do? Had I better stay here and do nothing, or go down and do less? or, in other words, had I better stay here while I am here, or go down that I may have the pleasure of sailing up the river again in a full-rigged flat? You must know that as soon as the Rebecca (the name I intend to give the vessel above mentioned) is completely finished, I intend to hoist sail and away. I shall visit particularly England, Holland, France, Spain, Italy (where I would buy me a good fiddle), and Egypt, and return, through the British provinces to the northward, home. This, to be sure, would take us two or three years; and, if we both should not be cured of love in that time, I think the devil would be in it."

Here is a picture of Thomas Jefferson, Esq., lover, "sighing like a furnace," trying to jest, and pouring forth his hopes, his fears, and his "most humorous sadness." The Rebecca sail-boat was never launched, it seems, from the stocks. The lover, finding that his rosy dreams are all dissipated by the fearful fact of his sweetheart's engagement to another person, does not go abroad, commit suicide, or even fall into melancholy. He summons his philosophy, and laughs in the face of Fate. "With regard to the scheme which I proposed to you some time

since," he writes his friend, "I am sorry to tell you it is totally frustrated by Miss R. B.—'s marriage with Jacquelin Ambler, which the people here tell me they daily expect. Well, the Lord bless her! I say"—which certainly indicates good sense and good feeling in the impulsive youth, then, as afterward, the philosopher. His dear Belinda married Jacquelin Ambler, who became treasurer of the Commonwealth, and for his great integrity was called the "Aristides of Virginia." And it is a somewhat curious fact that, as Jacquelin Ambler married the lady who discarded Jefferson, so his brother Edward Ambler married Miss Cary, who is said to have discarded Washington. The two Presidents were thus unlucky—which only proves that success in such enterprises "goes by favor!"

The discarded and "demoralized" young gentleman slowly rallies after this fatal encounter, and steadily recovers his good spirits. No longer engaged as a combatant in the *mêlée*, he views with philosophic calmness from afar the struggles of his friends, and takes a warm interest in all the young belles. "When you see Patsy Dandridge tell her 'God bless her!' . . . S—P— is still left for you. I have given her a description of the gentleman who, as I told her, intended to make her an offer of his hand, and asked whether or not he might expect it would be accepted. She would not determine until she saw him or his picture. . . . Who told you I reported you was courting Miss Dandridge and Miss Dangerfield? So far was I from it that I frequently bantered Miss J—T— about you, and told her how feelingly you spoke of her. . . . I. Page is courting Fanny Burwell. . . . W. Bland and Betsy Yates are to be married Thursday soonight. . . . This letter will be conveyed to you by the assistance of our friend Warner Lewis. Poor fellow! never did I see one more sincerely captivated in my life. He walked to the Indian camp with her yesterday"—a picturesque resort not far from Williamsburg—"by which means he had an opportunity of giving her two or three love-squeezes by the hand; and, like a true Arcadian swain, has been so enraptured ever since that he is company for no one!"

What an atmosphere of frolic, gayety, and abandon, surrounds these old scenes! You recognize in them the *cachet* of youth, and merriment, and joy. The face of the writer laughs behind the pages, and there is a lurking humor in his picture of the swain of Arcady squeezing his love's hand, at the old Indian camp, where he (Tom Jefferson) may have wandered with "Belinda," looking into her eyes, and perhaps squeezing her hand, too, in the bright morning, or under the stars or the moon! All the figures of that long-past epoch rise up and pass before you as you read these yellow old letters—the beaux and the belles, the students, and lovers, and coquettish maidens, with their lace and embroidery, and pearls and powder, gone this many a day into the dust! Jefferson draws the fresh, odd picture, and you laugh with him as you read his lines, which have now the additional zest of having been written by a celebrity. They show the "Sage of

Monticello" in a new and unexpected light; and another passage in these letters has always struck us as so richly comic and suggestive, so complete a picture of the character and prevailing mood at this time of a person soon to become famous, that it is here laid before the reader—the last extract we shall make from the ancient epistles. Young Tom Jefferson, it seems, was on a visit to some friend, and another friend is the recipient of the following account of his misfortunes:

"This very day," he writes, "to others the day of greatest mirth and jollity, sees me overwhelmed with more and greater misfortunes than have befallen a descendant of Adam for these thousand years past, I am sure. I am now in a house surrounded by enemies who take counsel together against my soul; and, when I lay me down to rest, they among themselves say, 'Come, let us destroy him!' I am sure, if there is such a thing as a devil in this world, he must have been here last night and have had some hand in contriving what happened to me. Do you think the cursed rats (at his instigation, I suppose) did not eat up my pocket-book, which was in my pocket, within a foot of my head? And, not contented with plenty for the present, they carried away my jemmy-worked silk garters and half a dozen new minuets I had just got, to serve, I suppose, as provision for the winter. But of this I should not have accused the devil (because, you know, rats will be rats, and hunger, without the addition of his instigations, might have urged them to do this) if something worse and from a different quarter had not happened. You know it rained last night, or, if you do not know it, I am sure I do. When I went to bed, I laid my watch in the usual place, and, going to take her up after I arose this morning, I found her in the same place, but *quantum mutatus ab illo*, afloat in water let in at a leak in the roof of the house, and as silent and still as the rats that had eaten my pocket-book. Now, you know, if chance had had any thing to do in this matter, there were a thousand other spots where it might have chanced to leak as well as this one which was perpendicularly over my watch. But, I'll tell you, it's my opinion that the devil came and bored the hole over it on purpose. Well, as I was saying, my poor watch had lost her speech. I should not have cared much for this, but something worse attended it: the subtle parts of the water, with which the case was filled, had, by their penetration, so overcome the cohesion of the particles of paper of which my dear picture and watch-paper were composed that, in attempting to take them out and dry them, my cursed fingers gave them such a rent as I fear I never shall get over. *Multis fortuna vulneribus percussus hinc uni me imparem sensi, et penitus succubui*. I would have cried bitterly, but I thought it beneath the dignity of a man, and a man, too, who had read *ταυ οργαν τα μεν εφημυ τα δουκ εφημυ*. I do wish the devil had old Coke, for I am sure I never was so tired of an old, dull scoundrel in my life. The old fellows say we must read to gain knowledge, and gain knowledge to make us happy and be

admired. *Mere jargon!* Is there any such thing as happiness in this world? No. And as for admiration, I am sure the man who powders most, perfumes most, and talks most nonsense, is most admired."

A curious exposition, certainly, of the "inner philosophy" of a man who was to run afterward so serious, painstaking, and laborious a career—with no aim before him, it seemed, but the acquisition of knowledge, and the attainment of happiness by philosophy and the performance of his duty. It is only just to say this of Jefferson: his motives were elevated; with all his faults, he was free from mere scheming and political ambition.

A fit pendant to this picture of Tom Jefferson, the sighing and unfortunate youthful lover, will be that of Thomas Jefferson, Esquire, counselor-at-law and political leader, as he proceeds, under the most favorable auspices, to the commission of matrimony. The details of his courtship and wedding are romantic and amusing. The whole affair is like an entertaining little comedy. It takes you back to the gay old Virginia days, when life seems to have been full of mirth—when the little country beauties of an honest old society wore flounces and furbelows, powdered their curls, tipped about on shoes with high red heels, and flirted huge fans, and danced the "minuet," and were poetized in the *Virginia Gazette* as "Clorinda" or "Florella."

It is in January, 1772, just as the Revolution is going to begin, that Jefferson reappears upon the scene. He has not yet entered upon the great public career which will make him so famous, but is a mere country lawyer, traveling from court to court, and not yet married. Did "Belinda" wound him so deeply by refusing him, that he chose not to renew his matrimonial attempt? We have no record upon that subject, and only know that, up to about the year 1770 or '71, he remained single. Then his fate came. There was a very beautiful young lady, who had been Miss Wayles, and had married at seventeen Mr. Bathurst Skelton. In 1768 her husband died, leaving her a widow at nineteen, and, as she was a beauty and something of an heiress, too, she was besieged by admirers. Her portrait has been painted—let us look at it. She was now about twenty-two, a little above the medium height, slender, and of an elegant figure. Her complexion was very fair, with a delicate tint of the rose. Large hazel eyes, full of life and feeling, luxuriant hair of the richest auburn, smiling lips, a beautiful neck—these were her outward attractions. She was exceedingly graceful, an excellent rider, noted for her grace in dancing, and sang and played admirably upon the harpsichord. Such is the enthusiastic portrait we have of this young lady—and the painter adds other merits. Her heart was warm, her accomplishments as a house-keeper remarkable—let us sum up in a word by saying that, according to report, the lovely young widow must have been something like a paragon; and it is not to be wondered at that the paragon, who had substantial charms in addition, was much courted, as soon as her term of mourning expired. Among these

courtiers appeared the ex-student of Devilburg, Mr. Thomas Jefferson, and, if we are to credit tradition, it was not the intellectual qualifications alone of this gentleman which determined the pretty widow to accept him. The tradition on the subject of his courtship appears in two forms: One version is, that there were three young gentlemen, Jefferson being one of them, of whom the young lady was equally fond. All visited her assiduously at her home, "The Forest," in Charles City, on James River, and, up to a certain day, each seemed equally favored—none could boast of any preference on the lady's part over another. On that day the two rivals of Jefferson chanced to reach "The Forest" at the same moment, dismounted from their horses and reached the door together. There they suddenly paused. From within came the sound of voices singing, to the music of the harpsichord and the violin, a pathetic song, and the voice of the performer on the violin was that of Mr. Jefferson. At the sound, the rivals are said to have smiled in a forced and melancholy manner, and retired in despair—such is one version. The other tradition is, that all three thus met at the door, and it was agreed that each should enter *sofas*, and "tempt his fate." Jefferson preceded his rivals; they waited, heard the singing, concluded from the tender tones of the fair widow that she had made up her mind, and went away disconsolate and hopeless.

We repeat these old traditions without vouching for them—knowing only the result, which certainly indicated that Jefferson triumphed. In this January of 1773 "The Forest" blazed with lights, rustled with silks and satins, enveloping some of the loveliest belles of Virginia, and rang from sunset until dawn with the enlivening notes of the fiddle—the performers receiving special fees from the happy bridegroom to play with ardor, as we ascertain from his own note-book. In Virginia, especially that old Virginia, the merry young people made every thing an excuse for "a frolic"—above all, a wedding; and so "The Forest" was crowded with guests, the great fireplaces roared, the long hours flitted beneath satin-slipped feet, and Mr. Thomas Jefferson was married, and received the congratulations of his friends on the auspicious occasion.

Then the bridegroom set out with his bride for "Monticello," where he had begun to build two or three years before, on the destruction of his patrimonial homestead, called "Shadwell." The journey was made in a lumbering old chariot, drawn by four horses—or a part of the journey, at least, as we shall proceed to show—and the landscape by no means "blossomed with garlands gay," as when the birds of *Jasmin's* poem "left her home." It was midwinter, and a heavy snow had fallen. As they approached the mountains the snow increased in depth, and, having reached "Blenheim," the country-seat of Colonel Carter, they found the drifts so heavy that it was impossible to proceed in the vehicle. The alternative was to remain at Blenheim or continue the journey on horseback, and a young and delicate woman might have been pardoned for waiting at least until the next day.

The courageous bride promptly decided to go on. She and her husband accordingly mounted just at sunset, for a ride of eight miles—the road, for the most part, a mere winding bridle-path along the mountain, in whose narrow bed the snow lay three or four feet deep. The landscape was forbidding enough, with its forests weighted down by the snow, its bleak expanse swept by the night wind, and the actual danger of the drifts, but the bride never faltered or lost her good spirits; they floundered on, plunging through the snow, slowly ascended the mountain, and at last reached the site of "Monticello," upon which it seems only a species of pavilion had been finished. Here new misfortunes awaited them. It was late at night—the servants had probably concluded that they would never venture out on such a night, and had gone to sleep. There was no fire, no supper, all was dark, chill, cheerless, and silent as the grave. Such was the first visit of the young lowland bride to her husband's house—not a cheering one, certainly.

But to youth and gayety nothing is dark. Instead of losing her good spirits, the bride laughed, and began to sing a gay ditty. The servants were waked; a bright fire was soon blazing in the little pavilion; and Jefferson, we are told, discovered, behind some books on a shelf, part of a bottle of wine, with which—and some supper, too, it is to be hoped—the bridegroom and his bride made merry. Hour after hour, we are informed, they laughed, and sang, and jested, in the little pavilion of the mountains, where the log-fire burned brightly in defiance of the cold, and snow, and winter's wind without—the bride as light-hearted as a bird, and her husband, no doubt, well pleased with her merriment; and so they disappear through the mists of years, laughing, singing, just married, and romantically happy!

A stern and unshrinking *revolutionnaire*, fighting for religious toleration, political freedom, and the equality of man; a determined politician, battling against Hamilton in the Cabinet of Washington for State rights; an immensely popular and powerful chief magistrate, with a party at his back to whom his will was law; an old man in the country, controlling public affairs by his private letters; and last a broken-down invalid, wandering slowly about the grounds of Monticello, where he and his bride sang so gayly that winter night—these successive phases of Jefferson are well known to everybody. That earlier likeness of the individual as a merry college student and "lover of the ladies" is probably not so familiar; and yet it is necessary to a full understanding of Jefferson's character. Under the reserve and reticence of the astute politician and statesman of commanding genius, competent to direct the affairs of nations with the surest and steadiest of hands, was always the hidden spirit of mirth and frolic, and he kept it to the last. It was a hearty, healthy element in a man of remarkable character, and is another proof that great men have nearly always a fondness for humor.

JOHN ESTEN COOKE.

LIFE UNDERGROUND.

THE traveler who, in the year 2000, saunters northward from New Haven along the range of hills that finally, in Greenstone Mountain, in the ancient town of Simsbury, develops into scenery of surpassing cragginess and sublimity, will pause here and there, perhaps, to speculate concerning the origin of certain pits and shafts, some of them from fifty to one hundred feet deep, with which the range is perforated; and, should no record of the facts have been preserved, he may possibly conclude that a race of cave-men once inhabited these hills and excavated these grottoes—when, nobody knows. Or should he, upon closer investigation, happen to exhumate one of those ancient local coins known as Higley's coppers, once current in this district, a learned essay on the bronze age will be read before some antiquarian society, and it will be regarded as a settled point that the cave-men of Connecticut, like those of the Old World, had made considerable progress in the plastic arts.

Not so, however, as appears from an act relating to the copper-mines at Simsbury, dated "*Anno Regni Anna Regina V Septimo, A. D. 1709*," in which the preliminary whereas states that a copper-mine has lately been discovered at Simsbury, and has been so improved as to give good satisfaction of accruing to public benefit. In 1714 a company was formed in Boston for the operation of these mines; and in 1721 miners had been imported from Germany, and the expenses of the company were seventy pounds per month. One-fifth of all metals taken from the shaft went to the crown; and, the laws of the colony permitting slavery, negroes were employed to a considerable extent in the works; while, owing to defective drainage, the farmers in the vicinity did night-work at the pumps, and returned to their farms in the morning. And now sprang up in the colony a rage for mining; so that, in 1733, Joseph Whiting petitioned to the Colonial Assembly at New Haven for a loan of one thousand pounds, upon double security in lands and bonds, the amount to be used in completing certain investigations of his concerning the mineral resources of the country. It was this Whiting, with his thousand pounds of the public funds, who excavated the pits and grottoes from New Haven to Simsbury; but whether he returned the principal at the expiration of ten years, as agreed in the bond, there is no evidence to determine. Colonial adventurers of all types caught the fever, and, in 1760, a company was formed in London. The latter sunk shafts in several places, one of them to the depth of eighty feet, penetrating forty feet of solid rock. Hundreds of tons of ore were lifted and carried to Hartford by teams, whence they were shipped to New York. Two vessels thus freighted were sent to England; but one of them was captured, and the other foundered almost in sight of the English shore. These disasters disheartened the company; work was abandoned, and thus Joseph Whiting's speculation came to naught—to naught, save that his British dupes left behind them a series of caverns for the incarceration of Tories and

criminals during the Revolutionary War that came on apace.

Captain John Viets was the first keeper; and often have the fastnesses of Greenstone Mountain resounded with ribald rhymes in derision of John Hancock and his crew, set off with the everlasting refrain:

"Many a Whig on the gallows will swing
Before John Hancock will ever be king."

At first the number of Tories imprisoned in the mines did not exceed half a dozen; but, as the contest waxed hotter, Captain Viets had a score or more to deal with, some of them desperadoes; but the majority were convicted of nothing more serious than having a little tea in their possession. No guard was provided during the day, but two or three sentinels were stationed at the grating at night; and thus a plan of escape was soon concerted and successfully carried out.

The tunnel, which led from the bottom of the shaft to the foot of the mountain, was provided at the termination with a heavy grating; then came a passage of considerable length; then the door of the dungeon beneath the shaft—a huge flue eighty feet in height, terminating at the top with another grating, through the transverse bars of which gleamed ribbons of sky. When the captain came to feed the prisoners, it was his practice to reconnoitre this passage through the grates, to ascertain whether there were any prisoners lurking near the door; then to enter, lock the door after him, and pass on to the door of the dungeon. One forenoon the prisoners managed to unbar the latter, and to huddle themselves into the corners on either flank of the grating, so as to be out of sight when the captain made his reconnoissance. The moment he opened the outer door they were on him in a body, and he was tripped and pinioned. Then, possessing themselves of the key, they locked him in, and left the mines behind them on their way to immunity from patriot rage against the adherents of George III. The stratagem was, for the most part, vain, however, for the captain was soon rescued from his plight; the whole section rallied for pursuit, and the absconding heroes were captured almost to a man. Some hid themselves in the tree-tops, to which they were traced by keen-scented dogs, and nearly half were taken in attempting to cross the Tunxis (now Farmington) River at Scotland Bridge.

It appears from the colonial records at New Haven that the transformation of the Simsbury shaft into a prison was effected, in 1773, by William Pitkin, E. Woleott, and Jonathan Humphrey, and that the sum paid for this service was one hundred and eleven pounds one shilling and sixpence, in lawful money. The same resolution, passed in October, that provides for this metamorphosis, prescribes that burglary and robbery shall be punished with ten years for the first offense, and with sentence for life for the second. For counterfeiting the prescription is the same. The keeper is also invested with the authority to punish the convicts, in cases of insubordination, with moderate whipping, the dose not to exceed ten stripes, and by putting shackles and fetters on them. However, neither the one hundred and eleven pounds

nor the whipping delegated to Captain Viets rendered the prison quite secure; for, in January, 1774, the overseers of the prison petitioned the Assembly in session at Hartford for further means of security, alleging that one John Hinson had lately escaped by way of the main shaft, and recommending that it be grated at the top; also, that the west shaft, twenty-five feet deep, be secured with a strong iron gate six feet below the surface.

These precautions did not prevent the mixed multitude of Tories and criminals from concerting plots to escape. In 1776, an attempt was made by the prisoners to burn their way out, by means of a level that had been opened from the bottom of the mines through the hill. The mouth of this drain was closed with a heavy wooden door, firmly fastened. By degrees the prisoners collected combustibles enough for the purpose, and packed them against the door at the end of the passage. A stone and a piece of steel did the rest. But their escape was not by this route, for one of them was suffocated by the smoke, and five others were rendered insensible. They were now placed in a strong block-house above-ground, and soon after escaped by burning the building to the ground. But few were retaken. The fort was rebuilt a few years later, and, on the night of May 18, 1781, became the scene of a terrible struggle. They were thirty to thirty—desperate Tories on the one hand, and guards, with loaded muskets and fixed bayonets, on the other. The wife of a Tory named Young applied to the officers to be admitted to the prison; and, while the two officials were in the act of lifting the grating to let her down, the prisoner made a rush for liberty, knocked them down, possessed themselves of most of the thirty muskets before the alarm could be given, and, after a hard battle, drove their keepers pell-mell into the dungeon. One of the latter was mortally wounded, and six were severely hurt. Nor did the rebels come off without loss, for the contest was in the dark, and many of them were gashed by their own comrades. The escape was, nevertheless, nearly complete; and, though one was taken from a tree in Turkey Hills, east of the mountain, and a few others were tracked to swamps and barns, the mass were never retaken, and Simsbury mine was forever after silent as to ribald verses concerning John Hancock.

The Assembly, then in session, sent a committee to ascertain the facts concerning the insurrection. From the evidence submitted, the committee came to the conclusion that the application of Mrs. Abigail Young for admission to the prison was part of a carefully-concerted plot; also, that Sergeant Liby, of the guard, was privy to the conspiracy; that Jacob Southwell was more fit to carry fish to market than to keep guard at Newgate; and that Nathan Phelps was a small lad, just fit to drive plough with a very gentle team. But this investigation, with its humorous personalities, did not bring back the prisoners.

Thus ended the struggle with the Tories in the mines at Simsbury—a point about which centre legends and traditions of Tory desperation to an extent represented nowhere else in the United States, except, possibly, in

South Carolina. The name of Newgate was first given to the mines in 1773. In 1781 Congress applied to the Governor of the State of Connecticut for permission to send prisoners of war to the Simsbury mines, but the negotiation was unsuccessful.

It was not until 1790 that the State-prison was established permanently in the caverns of Copper Hill, known to geographers as Greenstone Mountain, and an act passed providing for the erection of the necessary buildings.

A wooden palisade, mounted with iron spikes and inclosing half an acre of ground, surrounded the workshops. In the centre was a brick building for the use of the officers and privates; and at the rear of this loomed a stone structure that covered the mouth of the main shaft, down which was passed an iron ladder, resting upon the bottom eighty feet beneath. At the foot of this ladder commenced a slanting descent for some distance, a deep-dipping tunnel, with walls of solid rock, and this was finally broken into passages, extending many rods in various directions, some of them leading under cellars and dwellings in the vicinity. Into two of these passages dipped wells of deep water, one of them nearly a hundred feet in depth. Along the walls of this cavern were wooden cells, garnished with pallets of straw. Thus, buried a hundred feet deep under the mountain, with the trickle of water forever in their ears, and unearthly replies from subterranean passages and corridors to every murmur, lived the condemned of Connecticut less than a century since. A deep moat defended the west wall of the inclosure. Winter and summer were reversed, the mercury ranging eight degrees lower in July than in January, when every passage and fissure was blocked with snow or hermetically sealed with frost. It is recorded, for example, that on the 18th day of January, 1811, with the thermometer two degrees below zero in the yard, the instrument indicated fifty-two above zero at the foot of the ladder.

At daybreak in the morning the grating was lifted, and the prisoners vaulted up the shaft, and out of the bowels of the earth, by threes and threes, their shackles clanking at every step. The day's work was now commenced in the shops, and presently the rations for the day were distributed, a pound of beef, or three-quarters of a pound of pork, a pound of bread, potatoes at the rate of a bushel to fifty rations, and a pint of cider. The rations were distributed raw, the prisoners cooking to their own fancy, one eating at his anvil, another toiling at his kettle to produce a stew—a scene for *Doré*, with passion and sullenness and *grotesquerie* enough to have taxed the pencil of that magician of the phantasmagoric to its utmost capacity. The penalties intended to enforce discipline within the prison were the whipping-post, being put in the stocks in the dungeon, the solitary cell with bread-and-water, double or treble sets of irons, hanging by the heels, and the like—all tending to develop the worst passions of the prisoners rather than to soften and enlighten. From thirty to a hundred slept together or in the same room, solitude being regarded as punitive. It was a weird sight

to see them at the treadmill during the day; by night, with old Guinea (Prince Mortimer, a relic of slavery in New England) to bring them: *nam*, the dungeon was a pandemonium underground.

In November, 1794, one of the prisoners escaped by tunneling his way out under the mountain. He was never retaken. In 1802 an incident occurred that, for dramatic intensity, rivals the adventures of Sir Ralph Brakespear in the "Fortunes of a Free Lance." There were then about forty prisoners. Colonel Thomas Sheldon, commander of the guard, was ill, and, of the whole staff of assistants, Dan Forward, a stalwart private, was the only man fit for duty. The plot ripened in this way: the prisoners at night refused in a body to descend into the shaft, and commenced a sudden attack upon Forward. A few, to blind the keeper to the actual concert, had pretended to descend, but waited as near the top as they could huddle on the narrow iron ladder. The *mêlée* now began in earnest. With his hands on the collar of one and the waistband of another, the intrepid fellow dashed a couple of convicts in the faces of the rest, knocking them pell-mell down the ladder, some of them, and so paralyzing the remainder that they scrambled into the pit as fast as they could. Help came at the first outcry of the scuffle, but too late, for the conflict was over in an instant. A more serious rebellion broke out in November, 1806, some thirty convicts, employed in the nail-shop, having unlocked their fetters with keys manufactured from the pewter buttons on their coats; and the gigantic negro, Aaron Goomer, was shot dead on the spot, while the rest cried lustily for quarters. Again, in 1822, the nail-shop was the scene of a *mêlée*, in which the air was thick for a few minutes with sledges, hammers, spikes, and other missiles; but the rebels gave way before the muzzles of a brace of muskets, one of them having dropped in his tracks pierced by a bullet. The ringleaders were soon in double-irons; and thus terminated the last concerted rebellion at Simsbury Newgate, whilom styled the American Bastille.

Isolated attempts were, however, by no means seldom, and one incident of this type anticipates the stratagem of Jean Valjean, in "Les Misérables," as dramatically detailed by Victor Hugo. A convict named Newman, noted as a prison-breaker, simulated death in so masterly a manner as to hoodwink the attending physician, and was accordingly confined, and lowered into the grave. But the first rattle of gravel on the lid of his coffin subdued his resolution, and he notified the prison sexton with an outcry. Whether the sexton, a feeble old man, was affrighted, or whether he went for help as a matter of precaution, the story saith not. But the result was the same in either event, for the coffin was exhumed and opened by men with loaded muskets and fixed bayonets, and the adventurous and original Mr. Newman was transferred from very narrow quarters underground to quarters less straitened but none the less subterranean. This man could simulate cataplectic fits at will, but was finally cured of his malady by the warden, who menaced him with the brand of *rogue* across his forehead.

The mines had their centenarian in the person of old Guinea, who died at the age of one hundred and ten; their pirate with his buried treasure, in James Smith, of Groton, who also died in prison; their wit in the person of an Irishman known as Dublin. Of the latter the anecdotes are legion. Dublin was busy making nails one morning, when Major Humphrey accosted him.

"Dublin," said the major, "your nails are defective—the heads are not all made alike."

"Faith, major," said Dublin, "and that is natural. If our heads had all been made alike, I shouldn't have been here making nails."

The major laughed, and passed on.

Dublin once tried to escape by leaping the palisade, but, in jumping down, an iron spike caught in his fetters, and left him suspended by the heels, seventeen feet from the ground. At last, however, he managed to twist himself loose from the spike, and dropped, and ran for the swamp, where he lay for a couple of days. Private Holcomb was ordered to track the prisoner, and finally came upon him as he was trying to macerate his fetters with a heavy stone, and called out—

"What are you doing, Dublin?"

"Drivin' the sheep out of my pasture," answered the imperturbable Celt.

"But, Dublin, you must come along with me," said the keeper, covering the runaway with his musket.

"Faith, Misther Holcomb," replied the detected wit, still pounding at his fetters, "this isn't me at all," and, having thus delivered himself, he accompanied his guard to the prison, joking by the way as if he had not just escaped at imminent risk of his neck.

James Smith's career had been a romance of buccaneering to tempt the pen of a sensation novelist. Formerly captain of a piratical cruiser, having amassed all the plunder they could carry, and not daring to enter any port without regular papers, Smith and his men sunk their vessel off the coast of North Carolina, and, bringing off their specie in three boats, buried it, with the exception of what was necessary for present purposes, on the sea-shore in Currituck County. It appears from the deposition of Benjamin Taylor, a planter resident in that county, that Smith and seven men with him came to his house and took a room there, then employed him with four slaves to cross Currituck Sound, and bring off a large box of specie. They remained with Mr. Taylor a week, and, while there, he saw them partition the money among themselves, Smith taking the larger share. On this information they were arrested, but no evidence appeared to justify their detention, and they left for Norfolk, Virginia, where they staid several weeks. Smith was subject to fits of transitory aberration of mind, in the paroxysms of which he often boasted that he had made many a man walk the plank. Coming North, he stole a horse at Groton, and was convicted and sent to the mines, whence he escaped by bribery. Returning to North Carolina, he employed men to dig the shore; but the sea had appropriated its own, and he was penniless. Working his way North again, he was sentenced to the mines for twenty-three years, and died before his term was ended.

The story of Prince Mortimer, formerly a slave belonging to the Mortimers of Middletown, was more pathetic. Errand-man to General Washington during the Revolutionary War, he was committed to the mines for life on the suspicion of having poisoned a white man. A harmless old man, bowed with the infirmities of age, he was liberated some years later, but, after rambling about the country for a few days, he returned to the prison, and begged piteously for admission—ending his days underground at the advanced age of a hundred and ten.

My note-book teems with strange memoranda and traditions of prison-life in the last century, of daring escapes and hand-to-hand encounters. There was Samuel Carson who stole a negro baby, mistaking it for a pig ready for roast; and one poor, nameless fellow's bones lie far down a drain that dips away under the mountain. *Requiescat in pace* He dared and died.

In 1802 the wooden palisade was removed, and a stone-wall was erected in its place. November 10th, for the good of the State, they finished the walls and completed the gate; and on that night there was a revel at the prison, in which the prisoners were permitted to participate. Rubens and Rembrandt together might have painted it—the one bringing out the comedy aspect of the scene, the other the tragedy, as keepers and criminals *en masse*, glass in hand and standing, sung:—

"Attend, all ye villains that live in the State,
Consider the walls that encircle Newgate—

Your place of abode if justice were done;
The Assembly, in wisdom, when they did behold
The first wooden pickets grown ruined and old,
They granted a sum to the wise overseers,
Which was amply sufficient to make the repairs,
And they did decide to repair with hewn stone.

"In the year one thousand eight hundred and two,
A party collected to split and to hew;

Their names in my song shall last with the wall:
First Lieutenant Barber the job undertakes,
Beneath his strong labor old Copper Hill shakes,
With his workmen in order, the stone for to square,

And other strong burdens with pleasure to bear,
While each one delighted to attend to his call.

"The next in the column is sage Pettibone,
Whose skill in the work is exceeded by none;

To handle the gavel or poise the great man,
With him Senior Jared an equal part bears,
And in the hard labor he equally shares;
While Gillett and Holcomb and Cosset appear,
And Hillyer, all anxious the fabric to rear—
To lay the foundation—to strengthen the wall.

"Bold Harrington, Goddard, and Lieutenant Reed,
Each lend their assistance the work to proceed;

Perhaps there are others I fail to recall,
With hammers and sledges and crowbars and gads,

And Wanrax, with other poor prisoner lads,
To hand up the mortar or carry the hod;
Which may to some strangers appear very odd,

To think the poor culprits help build their own wall."

The prisoners toasted. Cried Patrick, the rival of Dublin, glass in hand, "Here's to Lieutenant Barber's great wall.—May it tumble down at the sound of the ram's horn!"

"Here's health to the captain," cried Dublin: "and to all the rest of the prisoners!"

And they separated, the keepers going to their quarters, and the prisoners disappearing underground.

FRANCIS GERRY FAIRFIELD.

MY STORY.

A NOVEL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PATTY."

(From Advance-Sheets.)

CHAPTER XXXIV.

ON THE BRINK.

ANGÉLIQUE is waiting at the door. She holds it open, and then she opens another, and I find myself in a cheerful-looking square room, paneled in white wood, with tapestry half-way between floor and ceiling.

I do not see the bed at first, for it stands sheltered within an alcove, and is screened by muslin curtains. So I look round me. I never saw a bedroom so like a sitting-room; the floor is of some dark wood, polished and slippery, and there are just one or two little rugs: one by the bedside, and another in front of an old, yellow, brown-velvet sofa. Some of the chairs and the window-curtains are also of this sad color—it is hardly like yellow, it is more like tea-leaves, or a faded leaf, but the room is not dull-looking, the mirrors take away any sadness of aspect. There are four of them, set in old-fashioned black-and-gold frames; a quaint *armoire* also in black-and-gold, with queer, twisted pillars at the corners, and a round table with black legs and a marble top. In my room there is a marble table, but the other furniture is modern—there is none of this quaint, grave harmony there.

Angélique is wonderfully in keeping with the rest, in her close-fitting, plain black gown and apron, her snowy cap, with its broad strings, and her red-brown face and hands.

"Is it you, Gertrude?"

I start from my contemplation, and look behind the muslin curtains.

Mrs. Dayrell lies outside the bed, propped up by several pillows.

She is so very pale, so very wasted, that to me she looks worse than she did that day at Merdon, when she was thought to be dying. Her hair is bound up and rolled into a loose coil at the back of her head. Her blue eyes are still bright and eager, but the brightness is not so hard; there is a subdued look on the face, and yet the eagerness is there still.

I had forgotten much of my last talk with her—but her first words brought every thing back vividly.

"Well, my rebellious child"—she smiled kindly—"have you bowed your neck to the yoke?" I gave her an imploring look—"Angélique," she said, "if you are so willful that you will not leave us alone together, put yourself in that window and do the part of Sister Anne—tell us when you see any one coming. You have the full command of the terrace, so you can amuse yourself to your heart's content."

There was the old scoff in her voice, but, though she spoke faintly, there was none of the difficulty of utterance I had noticed the last time I saw her.

Angélique went straight to the window, and Mrs. Dayrell's eyes followed her. Then she fixed them earnestly on my face:

"Do you remember where we left off, Gertrude?"

She said it naturally, as if our talk had just been interrupted, and we were about to take it up again; but after the first startled moment I recovered my recollection.

"If you please, I do not want to begin that talk again." I looked frankly at her. "Let us talk of something brighter than my troubles; why not of Mr. Dayrell?"

It was her turn to blush—a kind of strange beauty shone out of her face, and her eyes drooped like those of a young girl. There was a silence.

"Gertrude!"—she spoke without looking at me—"I am about the strongest warning I could preach. You see me lying here too weak to move from my bed—too weak to be left unwatched, and yet happy at last—happy in the hope that I shall once more see my husband; and I tell you not to do as I have done. You have youth and health; give them to the man who loves you. Ah, if you knew what it is to long to have them to give!" she said, almost with a wail.

"I am not to allow you to tire yourself," I said, smiling, "so we must not argue, or I could say that you contradict now what you said at Merdon. I want you to tell me of some nice old women to go and see in the village; though we have been here five days, I have seen no one but the old *conciérge*."

She shook her head at me, but she had no strength to resist.

"Perhaps old Matthieu is about as amusing as any one in Fontaine," she said, "provided you can understand his toothless talk, and can succeed in escaping when you have had enough of it. He and his son are good representatives of Frenchmen of their class. Our Matthieu here is lazy and foolish, and his father has wits enough for three *conciérges*."

"Do you know Rosalie?" I lowered my voice; but I fancied that Angélique's shoulders moved at the sound of her daughter's name.

Mrs. Dayrell raised her hand in warning.

"I know this much of her: if you offend Rosalie, she will find means to punish you for it. They think"—she looked toward Angélique—"that such a poor, half-witted creature could not do harm—and would not if she could. But I remember I thought very differently before I was married. She heard me say she was ugly one day, and I believe she has never forgiven me."

"She is hideous!"

Mrs. Dayrell smiled.

"She is just the sort of woman to be touchy about her looks. But listen!—Angélique, is there not some one coming along the drive?"

How quick her ears were! The drive ended below the winding shrubbery, and I had not heard wheels. I saw Mrs. Dayrell's fingers twitching together.

Angélique waited a little while, and then came up to the bed:

"Yes, madame; it is a carriage. But it

is possibly a visitor for Miss Gertrude. I will go and see."

My heart beat fast. I wished myself in the wood beyond the river. It would not be easy for Captain Brand to find me there.

Mrs. Dayrell lay still, with closed eyelids. Her suspense was so supreme that I doubt if she understood the meaning of Angélique's words.

As I stood watching her I felt selfish and ashamed of myself. I had forgotten her anxiety in my own. Here was a woman seemingly at the end of her life, who, for months, for years perhaps, had been unhappy through her own fault; and now she was waiting for the only happiness she cared for—the sight of her husband; and also for the opportunity of owning her fault—for I guessed that she had repented her willfulness, whatever it might be.

"And she may die before he comes, broken-hearted by her long waiting," I said to myself.

"Gertrude!"—I started, for I had forgotten how near she was—"if this visitor should be your husband, I wish to see him."

She smiled at my dismay. I suppose it was very visible.

"I shall do no mischief, child. Good, rather, I think. Why, Gertrude, when Henri arrives, I shall want you to be friends with him."

It was a relief to see the door open.

It was Angélique; but I saw in her face that the visitor was not Captain Brand.

"It is only Monsieur and Madame Dupont from Saint-Antoine; but madame wishes to present mademoiselle to them."

"It is nothing but a *rue* of yours, you tiresome old woman," says her patient.—"And I believe, Gertrude, you are as anxious to get away as *la mère* is to take you. I suppose it is vexatious to be cooped up with an invalid."

I try to interrupt her; I am ready to cry at her accusation, but she points to the door. I catch her hand as it drops on the bed, and kiss it.

"You know it is not vexatious," I say, vehemently. And then Angélique touches my arm, and I hurry away.

The grave nurse stops outside the door.

"Ma'm'selle does not keep her promise. My poor madame will have so feverish a night, and it will be the fault of mademoiselle."

"Well, I can't help it, Angélique. Your madame teases me, and then I forget prudence. I dare say she provokes you sometimes."

Angélique's grave smile is on her lips.

"I am only a nurse, and mademoiselle knows a nurse would not be much use who thought of her own feelings instead of her patient. But, though madame is not the patient of mademoiselle, I must ask mademoiselle to think only of her whenever she sees her."

She left me abruptly; she had never spoken so boldly before, and I felt very much ashamed of my irritation.

"It is very troublesome to have to go and see these people," I say crossly to myself, as I open the *salon-door*—the dread of

seeing Captain Brand, and the longing to put off our meeting as long as possible, have made me very excited this morning.

The sight of the visitors is soothing; they look very comic. Madame La Peyre is sitting in a stiff, high-backed chair, full of smiles and graciousness, and her visitors sit opposite—the lady very upright, with an old-fashioned bonnet, and a drab-colored umbrella lined with brown; the gentleman in a very close-fitting blue coat and drab gaiters. I thought French people dressed well and fashionably; these look as if they had come out of an old-fashioned picture; the lady's shawl is put on very well, and the colors of her dress go well with her bonnet; but, these points excepted, she is very like one of the old-fashioned farmers' wives who used to go to Merdon Church. She has a flat face, with a straight, salient nose, and large, pale-blue eyes—not so much a stupid face as a face through which expression has filtered, but which is powerless to retain any. As the door opens and I come in, her eyes move slightly and then return to a fixed gaze at Madame La Peyre. But the gentleman sitting beside her jumps up, takes the handle of the door from me, makes me a bow, gives me a chair, and then seats himself with a glibness which dazzles my observation; however, I see enough to make out that he is a small man, with a lean, hatchet-shaped face, and a black beard; he has a yellow skin, and his small, restless, twinkling black eyes are forever moving.

"Mademoiselle is from Australia," he says, very politely; "does she find Normandy to her taste?"

I say I like Normandy, and then I ask if monsieur has ever been in England.

"But no," he shrugs his shoulders, and droops the corners of his mouth, "but Madame Dupont has been there; yes, she has seen London, and the Abbey of Westminster, and the lord-mayor; she has seen all that is to be seen in England."

While he speaks he nods and looks at his wife, as if she were a huge wax doll and he were showman, and at the end he rubs his hands contentedly, and looks at me.

I smile.

"Madame has seen more than I have. I only know a small country-village in England."

"Tiens, but this is extraordinary.—Do you hear this, Madame Dupont?"

I observe that madame's eyes travel to my face, and then go back again to Madame La Peyre.

"You will have visitors, madame, in a little while," Monsieur Dupont says.

Madame La Peyre gives a little nervous start, but she smiles and says: "Yes, I expect my brother the abbé."

"Ah, and he brings a visitor." I feel my face is burning and tingling, and I see madame's hand trembling as it lies so white and soft on the arm of her chair, and yet one or the other of us is suffering all this agitation for nothing, for he may either mean Mr. Dayrell or Eugène.

Madame La Peyre looks inquiringly.

Madame Dupont's eyes rest calmly on her small, restless spouse.

"My sister says that Monsieur de Vaucresson has told her that he is going to see some friends at Château-Fontaine, but she does not speak of the abbé—my friend"—and then she once more settles her blue eyes on her hostess.

I can see trouble and disappointment in the face of Madame La Peyre, and yet she goes on smiling at her visitors.

The cloud that weighed so heavily over me has suddenly lifted. I should like to sing, and dance, and laugh out loudly, to get rid, in some outward way, of the joy that is almost choking me.

That stiff, flat-faced woman is transformed—I feel quite friendly toward her.

"Yes, yes," her husband says, "it is Monsieur de Vaucresson; and I hope, madame, that, when you do us the honor of coming to Saint-Antoine, you will bring Monsieur le Comte—he is a fine young man, I hear, and is very much admired—he ought to make a good marriage."

"His mother will take care of that." Madame Dupont's phrases are uttered like oracles.

Her husband rubs his hands and looks at her with delight; he nods his head gently.

"You hear, madame, what my wife has said, and she is never wrong, never—his mother will take care of that—has taken care of it, without doubt. Ancient families, such as the De Vaucressons, betroth children in their cradle—it would not surprise me"—he put his head on one side, and half closed his eyes—looking so consciously sagacious that I longed to pinch him—"on the contrary, I shall expect to hear that Monsieur le Comte is so betrothed."

He darted a quick glance at his wife, but she sat in placid silence—as if she listened to his remarks in tolerating pity—ready to come in and set them straight when they deviated from fact.

"I am not acquainted with the family—I only know Monsieur de Vaucresson as my brother's pupil," said Madame La Peyre, with a change of voice which told me that the subject was distasteful to her. "But, madame, how are the cows and the poultry?"

This question seemed to rouse Madame Dupont. The calves had prospered, she said, but the poultry had failed; and, while she was bending forward to Madame La Peyre to advise her to feed laying hens on snails, I heard a distant sound of wheels.

This is undoubtedly Captain Brand, and yet I cannot escape. Monsieur Dupont has just begun to cross-question me about Australia, which he evidently confounds with California. I make helpless efforts to enlighten him; but I am first hot and then cold; I do not know what I am saying.

"No horses!"—Monsieur Dupont's eyebrows are like the arches of a bridge—"but this is, indeed, a strange piece of natural history, which I will communicate to Madame Dupont when she has ended with the chickens; but it is singular that there are no horses in Australia."

I try feebly to contradict this assertion; the room is going round, I think, for I hear an arrival below, and I know that Captain Brand is coming up-stairs.

PRIMITIVE MAN.

ENGLISH literature has of late been enriched by a new class of books, such as Sir Charles Lyell's work on "The Geological Evidences of the Antiquity of Man;" Sir John Lubbock's "Prehistoric Times, as illustrated by Ancient Remains, and the Manners and Customs of Modern Savages," or his excellent researches on "The Origin of Civilization and the Primitive Condition of Man;" Edward B. Tylor's "Researches into the Early History of Mankind, and the Development of Civilization," and his "Primitive Culture." A list not far short of a hundred books with similar titles might easily be gathered, especially by including works on kindred or corroborative subjects, like Geikie's "Great Ice Age," and Max Müller's "Lectures on the Science of Religion." Germany and France have also, during the last ten years, produced an equally vast array of works bearing similar designations. There is Caspari's celebrated work on "The Primitive History of Mankind" ("Die Urgeschichte der Menschheit"); Friedrich von Hellwald's "History of Civilization in its Natural Development" ("Culturgeschichte in ihrer natürlichen Entwicklung"); and François Lenormant's "First Civilizations" (Les Premières Civilisations). The object of this new branch of literature is to determine the processes by which man arrived at such a degree of culture as to organize into the distinct peoples which appear even in the remotest times of written history. It is an interesting subject of scientific inquiry, and it may be gratifying to those who have neither the time nor the opportunity, nor perhaps the wish, to study the works bearing upon it, to find here a rapid survey of their contents.

We refrain from considering here the physical origin of the human race. Even if there be a sufficient amount of facts to render it reasonable to suppose that every geological species is the natural descendant of some other species by one degree inferior to it, and hence that man's highly-organized physical constitution was similarly derived, the genesis of the human mind and soul remains a mystery. The prehistory of man, or our hypotheses in regard to the condition of man before the beginning of history, must still consider him, even when deprived of every manner of civilization, as a reasoning being, capable of and on the road to civilization. Man in his rudest state still continues to be a man, and, though his mental and spiritual faculties may be considered as once having been totally undeveloped, the limits of reason are outreached when it is attempted to think of man as a brute animal, and to explain the birth of his intellect and heart.

Geology, archaeology, comparative philology, mythology, and kindred sciences, have for more than twenty years investigated respectively the crust of the earth, the rude stone implements buried in it, the character of the various races, and the origin and development of language and religion, for the purpose of discovering the time of the first appearance of man upon earth, the condition of the globe when first inhabited by him, his

earliest occupations, his social, religious, and political institutions, and the very thoughts which he entertained in regard to them. Their labors have in a measure been crowned with success, and, while formerly the dawn of civilization could be represented only by imagining the lights of our culture turned low, sufficient material has now been gathered to build up from demonstrable facts the first stages of the wonderful structures of modern science, art, religion, law, and custom.

The age of man, though modern in the calendar of geology, dates back to pre-glacial times. Man was then perhaps as far below the savages of our own time as these are below the most civilized nation now existing. It can be proved that man was the hunter, and perhaps the keeper, of animals totally extinct. Objects of human industry have been found buried in the soil at the side of such animals; the marks which man scratched or hewed into their bones are also visible; and, best of all, his own bones are found mingled with theirs. Man was, therefore, coeval with the mammoth, the rhinoceros, and other colossal animals of the great ice age. The enormous quadrupeds sought refuge during this season of desolation in regions temporarily exempt from the destructive effects of the moving glaciers, and their skeletons reappear in many lands. There is, however, a long gap in the series of human fossils, and, though it can hardly be supposed that mankind was for a while totally extirpated, yet it remains the task of future researches to trace man to the shelters which he found against the ice that threatened to bury him alive.

Several successive changes were produced during the glacial period in the outlines of the islands and continents of the earth. Several times each region was alternately subject to long seasons of excessive heat and cold. Scandinavia, for example, was for a time a small island, and Finland was separated from the rest of Europe by a strait which passed across the present Russian lakes from the Baltic to the White Sea, causing the Arctic Ocean to wash the foot of the Central Ural, and inundating Siberia and the northern portions of European Russia, Prussia, and Poland. The Caspian and Black Seas were united with each other and the Sea of Azof, and covered the steppes of Astrakhan and the Volga. The desert of Gobi was an immense inland lake, and the Sahara formed part of the Mediterranean Sea. Nearly all valleys were turned into lakes by the melting glaciers, and, when the force of the accumulated waters broke the natural barriers, rivers of enormous depth and breadth, increased by torrents of rain as recent ages have never witnessed, rushed with impetuosity into the giant oceans. Thus the Rhine, the Rhone, and the Somme, were from one to three hundred feet deeper than now.

Man has left of his earliest existence—which, it is said, according to astronomical calculations, must be placed at about two hundred thousand years ago—only rude stone monuments, illumined by a very faint light of civilization. But the gradual retreat of the sea, accompanied by an amelioration of the climate, ushered in the age of the present

fauna and flora, and of the now existing configurations of the islands and continents. Then neolithic man, who had learned somewhere to smooth and polish the stone implements which he had used, came back to wander in the haunts of his palæolithic predecessors. While the mountains were still covered with snow, and glaciers disappeared in the valleys, he gave chase to arctic animals; but, as the temperature gradually increased, and the land became covered with forests, he was surrounded by herds of deer and oxen.

Chipped flints, arrow-heads, and various rude stone implements, to all of which archaeologists usually give the name of hatchets, mark the existence of man in the palæolithic period, or the earlier division of the stone age. The flints of neolithic times, or of the later stone age, bear testimony that man was rapidly gaining great skill in working them. He made implements also in bone, ivory, and reindeer-horn. Little splinters of bone, one or two inches long, straight, slender, and pointed at both ends, found in ancient deposits, are believed to have served for fish-hooks. Numerous instruments, dating from the same period, were probably used as needles, as they are exactly like those now employed by the Lapps for the same purpose. Contrivances for polishing bone and horn have also been unearthed, and, among other objects found, which are supposed to have been used by man in this remote time of his existence, are small flint saws, fine-toothed and double-edged; bone bodkins, or stilettoes, some with and some without handles; smoothers, probably used to flatten seams in garments made of skins; drills, which are flint points with a cutting edge; staves of horn, probably symbols of authority; and earthen vases and urns, which, at the bottom, bear traces of the action of fire.

There is no doubt that the artisans of the first epochs were slaves. The natural inequality in physical strength at once reduced some to slavery, and assigned woman to an inferior position. Manual, domestic, and field labors were always considered degrading occupations, and whoever could compelled others, women, weaklings, and cripples, to perform them for him. "Might is right," says Nature. But knowledge is power, and the slaves who learned in the course of their work the secret of lighting fires at will, and kept the secret to themselves, became the masters of their masters.

The invention of fire is an epoch in the history of civilization. Not that industry and art were thereby considerably improved and extended. The earliest and most potent effect which it had upon man was the making of gods and of priests. He who could produce fire possessed supernatural powers—he was a magician. The serpentine flames were gods, and he who could make them appear at his bidding was mightier than the gods themselves. The respect due to the leaders of tribes, the heroes and chieftains, was doubly due to the lords of the gods. They were the true leaders of the people, and in their hands lay their weal and woe. Fire was thus at first only an object of worship, and those who could make it were the first priests who caused the mental slavery of the masses.

Very soon the ardent imagination of ignorant man peopled the world with good and evil spirits, and the priests were besought to intercede wherever danger seemed to be approaching. But, at the side of this shamanism, which resorted to magic spells and rites to contend with the malign powers always threatening the life and happiness of man, sprung up the worship of stones, trees, and animals, or fetishism, as the demons probably inhabited some animate or inanimate form in the midst of the tribe, in order to be ever ready to inflict punishments on whom they chose. The worship of fire led also to the worship of stars, or Sabianism. Earthly magicians could not control the flames of the skies, and, of course, mightier magicians than they roamed in the heavens, to whom all the demons of the earth and air were subject. Incantations and sorcery were discovered to be uncertain means for averting and removing disease and misfortunes. It was possible that many calamities came from above, and from powers that could not be touched with hands, nor be compelled, like demons, to depart; but whom prayers alone could induce to exercise mercy. The gulf between the gods and the sorcerers grew wider, and the office of the priest became more clearly defined. The priest should live so as to be the favorite of the gods, and pray and sacrifice to them for the people.

Such were probably the first phases of religion. The idea of the nature of the divine powers began to dawn. From rude materialism man had made the first step to an ideal spiritualism. He had learned to think about causes; he had conceived abstract ideas; and he had begun to philosophize. It is a concatenation of errors, but such marks the history of all religions. Outreaching his actual experiences, he had plunged headlong into his little knowledge of the productive force of heat, and believed that he had touched the bottom of the creation of the world. He instituted a phallus-worship, dreamed of fire, star, and solar deities, whose loves were like his own, and brought to the world the first child of his spiritual nature, namely, mythology.

A hundred religious and political changes may occur before a people ventures on adopting a new social order. The progress toward genuine family life was, therefore, very slow. Land, women, and children, were at first the common property of a tribe. Then, as the spoils of war and the objects of industry increased, the strong reserved certain goods for their personal use, and every one held as many of the captured as slaves and wives, besides the women selected from among his own people, as he could maintain and keep. Nothing seems simpler to us than that children inherit the name and the goods of their fathers; but the early races little valued the claims of fatherhood. A man considered the children of his sister nearer blood-relations than his own, and they succeeded to his property. Even when that stage was reached when household barriers were set, the lines of succession continued to be traced only through the mothers. Within but toward the close of the period of the dawn of civilization probably falls the development

of the strange custom known as *la convade*, which still prevails in many lands, even among the Basques and Sardinians of Europe—namely, to alienate some of the rights of motherhood, what may be called "a legal fiction" was invented, and fathers simulated to participate in the final processes of the birth of their children. Thereafter paternal authority was considered to be legitimately established, and children represented in flesh and blood the person of their father. This was an important step toward the family relations now recognized by the most civilized nations, but how slowly this conception of the social order is reached best appears from the fact that more than half of mankind have not yet adopted it.

The earliest races were, indisputably, either hunters, fishers, herders, or tillers. Hunting and fishing are for savage man the simplest means of obtaining food. The hunter races probably inhabited by preference lands covered with forests, where game was abundant, and, when the chosen territory failed to supply sufficient for all, they moved to other hunting-grounds. They fought and defended their right of chase with blood, and, when their numbers grew too large, they lifted their arms against their own kindred, and decided who should stay and who should leave.

The fisher races of the sea-shore were not under so great a necessity of reducing their numbers from time to time, nor of warring with each other for the occupation of certain territories. The whole sea is stretched out before all; fishes are everywhere; and hence it is probable that fishermen were the first to learn to live at peace with their neighbors.

Whenever hunter tribes warred, separated, and went in search of better regions, their dawning culture suffered a relapse. They soon learned that certain animals can be tamed, and that meat and skins could be more readily obtained by keeping them around the habitations than by killing them in the chase. When they had herds, the need of separating from each other became less frequent. But, requiring at least two pasturages a year, they were still compelled to lead a roving life.

Though the nomad races were hardly warriors by nature, constant feuds had taught them the profit of plunder; and, whenever they dared, they threw confusion into the herds of a foe, and hurried them away with their own. They learned to cultivate the soil, but they planted and sowed only what would readily yield a crop. They were never sure of being able to wait for the fruit of their labors; when unfavorable seasons or formidable enemies threatened, they had to move on; and hence they saw no wisdom in providing for a distant future. Some herdsmen races combined to gain strength for resisting the depredations of other roving tribes. They looked upon certain tracts of land as their own, and made permanent settlements in them. Then they cultivated the soil to such an extent as to be able to garner sufficient for man and beast to last over winter, and render further migrations unnecessary. A fixed habitation, therefore, was with them the result of considerable progress. But, a fixed habitation once attained, civilization

made rapid strides. The feeling that whatever is achieved will be of permanent value is one of the first requisites of civilization, and, when once possessed, empires, maritime and inland, spring up as if called into existence by some magic wand. Such were probably the beginnings of the earliest historic nations, the Phœnicians, Ionians, Egyptians, Babylonians, and Persians.

So far extends the history of the dawn of civilization. It comprises only the periods during which various tribes gradually organized into distinct peoples. Not all ancient fishing and seafaring races grew to be like the Phœnicians and Ionians, and not all the hunting, pastoral, plundering, and agricultural races combined and finally formed powerful nations like the Egyptians, Babylonians, and Persians. The fact is, that the races do not develop equally when placed in the same circumstances. External advantages alone make no people great. Southwestern Asia was, three thousand years ago, the seat of the highest civilization on earth; but the races which have for the last five centuries occupied the same region belong to the most barbarous divisions of the Aryan and Semitic families of mankind. If the ancient Hindoos had peopled the peninsula of Italy instead of India, they would hardly have built up a power like that of the Romans. Mountains, valleys, deserts, seas, and climates, do not render the races which dwell in them or near them either barbarous or civilized. They exercise certain influences on the direction which the culture of the inhabitants takes, but it never depends on them whether a race develops or decays. The population of Central Africa, Borneo, and the Feejee Islands, might have occupied the territories of Germany and France and the British Isles for more than ten thousand years, and they would probably have been as little like the Germans, French, and English, as they are now. Man becomes civilized, not according to that which is around him, but according to that which is in him.

G. A. F. VAN RHYN.

AMERICAN SUMMER RESORTS.

II.

LAKE GEORGE.

IN the course of our journeying we came to Lake George. Lake George consists of a slender expanse of pellucid water, thirty-six miles long, imprisoned between lofty, wooded hills, whose sides, for the most part, descend into the bright expanse.

The approach toward the upper—that is, the southern—end is over a country road. At one part of it the stage mounts a hill and passes a curtain of forest-trees. Then you have your first view of this glorious water.

If the passengers cry out sufficiently, the driver stops his horses for a moment.

Helena, of our party, supplied this enthusiasm, and the four beasts came down upon their haunches.

"O Uncle Joe! O Jack, how beautiful! How very, very beautiful!" She caught us

each by an arm, and devoured the spectacle with her gray eyes.

It is a great thing to see an ardent woman pore over a landscape. It does not affect her to speech, it only makes her sigh. She raises her head upon her slender neck, and she becomes grave. The eyes move slowly here and there, the lips part over the white teeth, the nostrils dilate, a timid flush creeps into her cheeks, and her soul is engaged in absorbing the beautiful. She forgets herself, she knows nothing of what is going on, she does not hear what is said. She is dwelling upon this shade, this tint, this delicate blending of the glorious and the sombre, this marvelous duplication of crags in the sweet water, these majestic, soaring lines of the mountains, this awful system of mighty hills that retire and sink away, one behind the other, apparently without end, and on this great blue sky, hung with white clouds trending away to the east, and dragging their shadows over the smiling land. The breadth, the distance, the sunlight, the haze, the warmth, the real unreality, fill her with an ecstasy that makes a statue of her—a statue that palpitates, however, with joy.

When she is awakened, aroused, how fine is her return to earth! She gives a little start, a shudder that affects her from her head to her feet. She discovers what she is and where she is. She becomes supine once more. She grasps her husband's arm with both her rabbit-like hands, and rests her head upon his shoulder. She sighs a long sigh—a sigh such as those that children sigh after a fit of weeping—then she returns in spirit to Jack—who smokes a cigar.

The sun of fashion has already gilded the southern precincts of the lake. It has warmed into life a great hotel with a French roof and all concomitants—lawns, croquet-grounds, livery-stables, prices, and so on.

The stage-drivers, after crawling cautiously between the gate-posts behind the house, crack their whips and lash their horses into a very fury of speed. Then they dash around the corner, past the crowded piazza, and toward the hotel-entrance, as if the whole team had just safely arrived, under great management and skill, from a headlong descent of a precipitous mountain.

It causes one to blush with shame at being made a party to such a transparent falsity, and the lack of applause and of salvos of artillery as one ascends the steps in the character of hero shows plainly enough what is thought of the pretense.

Lake George possesses many delightful tarrying-places.

Where, then, should we rest?

Worldliness carried the day, and we staid at Caldwell for a while. There was a band at the hotel, and the people danced the German regularly in the parlors. Helena, therefore, put down her foot.

"Why is it," she cried, "that Nature must *always* be enjoyed with one's field-glass and microscope? Why is it that people do not see that the elation that is felt in such a place as this is not always to be gratified with strolling and poetry? You know I love Wordsworth, Uncle Joe—you know that I can dream and walk long distances in the

moonlight, Jack—but, still, I fear my higher nature has a jolly side. The country laughs, the birds sing, the insects hum and sail about, the waters sparkle, the leaves dance, the winds kiss and go, the shadows fly up-hill and down-dale, and the sun is warm. I don't think that it was intended we and people like us should come out of the city and be pensive before all this. Every thing here is tremendous—splendid. I, too, in my small way, feel tremendous and splendid. But it isn't my philosophy alone that has become magnificent, nor my ideas of artistic effect, nor my powers of gratification, nor my ability to say telling things about scenery. I can laugh, chat, dance, sing, dress, do all gay things, with a fire that you never fancied I possessed. That's why I wish to stay at the Fort William Henry Hotel, my masters." She courted, and we staid.

It seemed that there were multitudes of people who took very nearly this view of matters. At all hours, except those when the dining-halls were open, the sides of the solemn hills resounded with revelry, and the broad bosom of the lake with laughter. The scene from the front of the hotel is exceedingly grand. The broad lake-end, nearly surrounded with lofty and thickly-wooded hills, leads away to the north, and is shut off from view by gradually-encroaching spurs of haze-covered land, and by gloomy precipices that jut boldly out from the mountainous shore. The whole region is rich with history, and every cove and dale has its legend, and most of these are appalling and full of terrors. The sunsets are gorgeous, and cover the landscape with glory. Still you should see how the people contrive to amuse themselves in the face of all this. They paddle about in little yawls, they drag "spoons" through the water all day long, they pant up the low hills in blue jackets, they make sketches, and they live in a fever of dressing and dining. You see pretty faces and careless groups everywhere. Go where you will, you will find a mother and her brood, or a hero and a bride, or a bevy of gossips in silk. They emerge from the hotel, like ants from a hill, and disperse into the adjacent wilds with the seriousness of butterflies.

This is all delightful; still, it is not Lake George. Lake George is great, and this is not.

Helena's spell was broken by a fish.

She has a trace of mildness still remaining in her composition, and this led her, in a moment of weariness, to take Jack's pole, and drop a red spinner overboard from the pier. The evening was dampish, and the sunset was obscured. She dragged the line through the water, and rattled at the reel as if it were a windlass.

Suddenly she uttered a shriek, that echoed for a full minute among the mountains.

Her pole was bent like a bow, and a taut line ran out into the water fifty feet beyond. She held on desperately, staggering to and fro, and turned an agonized face toward the piazza.

"O Uncle Joe, I've got something! I—I'm afraid that it will pull me into—into—oh, dear—there, then, go, by all means!"

She let the pole drop, and it flew away,

cutting a wake in the water at ten miles an hour.

Jack threw himself into a yawl-boat, and pursued the stick. The motive power was a pickerel, weighing five pounds.

Helena looked upon this as her capture, and she gave up all lesser vices for the angle. In a few hours she found that trout, black bass, and large pickerel, were to be taken in any quantity farther down the lake.

Then we must go farther down the lake! The semi-hidden and semi-suggested openings to the north now had charms for her. The cloudy hills and the faint reaches of blue water caused her to speculate upon what glories lay beyond in the distance.

We began the circuit of the water in a steamer, designing to alight like pigeons upon the most delightful spot that might meet our eyes. It was a journey full of doubts and debates.

We sailed over the broad and beautiful lake, and plunged at once into the shaded recesses of the mighty hills.

The sun came down, and the quick movement of the boat caused a grateful stir in the air. The water that we floated upon was clear almost beyond belief. You can see the bottom at a depth of forty feet, and so limpid is it that it has been carried into foreign countries for use in church rituals.

Every puff of the Lilliputian engine, every shriek of its whistle, every laugh that came from among the bright throng on deck, arose into the hill-tops, and was borne leagues on the wings of the echo.

We came to a nook behind a wooded point. The steamer stopped. There was a little pier, a school of white boats, a two-storied, old-fashioned house, with piazzas, surrounded by huge trees and by grass-plats.

"Come," said Jack, "here is our resting-place, is it not?"

Helena musingly fixed her eyes upon it. She reflected, then she slowly shook her head.

"No, Jack—no, Uncle Joe, please don't let us stop on the threshold. Let us go on a little farther—only a little—a very little farther."

Two people got off, with two trunks. Then we woke the echoes once more, and went deeper among the mountains.

At this point was an island that had a cottage upon it. You could see its porches, and here and there a window or a *kiosk*. Here was a farm, hewn, one might almost say, out of the side of the mountain, with its patch of wheat, its pasture, its gray barns, and its small, white house. Here was a straight, brown line—a timber-slide—descending from a hill-top to the water. These hints of man and his works come only here and there, and they make the solitudes more solitary. A mountain with a pin-point of white upon it, which is a dwelling, is awful when one without it is only grand.

At one place, upon the side of a steep ascent rising from amid a forest of trees, and facing the west, there is a long house of yellowish color, occupied by students for the Roman Catholic priesthood. At the centre of its façade, over the porch, is a niche which contains an image of the Holy Mother. Above this is a tall cross. These unexpected em-

blems, set in the midst of so much wildness, look down upon one with a tenfold grace, and Helena, suddenly perceiving them, clasped her hands, and became filled with new emotions.

The lake took on fresh charms for her, and, after turning her head and gazing until the convent was out of sight, she came back to the hills and the waters with bedimmed eyes.

"We shall never be able to get her off this deck," whispered Jack. "I am afraid her soul has got possession of her. It happens so now and then."

Landing after landing was made. In the far distance the pilot would distinguish a white flag upon a high pole; then the whistle would sound, and would echo and lose itself; then the boat would turn upon its heel and bear down upon some white hamlet, faintly seen at the foot of a far-off hill.

All of these landings are fairly idyllic. The shores teem with greenery to the very edge of the lapping water, and back of the narrow plateaus tower far into the sky the cragged and fir-clad hills. There is always a small, white hotel, with cool verandas; groves of pines, in which hammocks are swung and rustic seats are planted; and smooth walks which lead away to country roads and toward private cottages that have gathered like the tents of vassals under the shadow of the manor of the lord.

The coming of the boat always brought out ladies in fine or fantastic dresses, and lounging gentlemen with newspapers. The hawsters are thrown, two or three come aboard and perhaps two or three go off; and those that stay sit and stare with an ill-defined sense of superiority at those that are to remain where they were found. The boat goes away to seek another landing; those that are left turn their backs and move toward the house in a languid file, and those that are borne off reseat themselves and give the cold shoulder to the unhappy landmen.

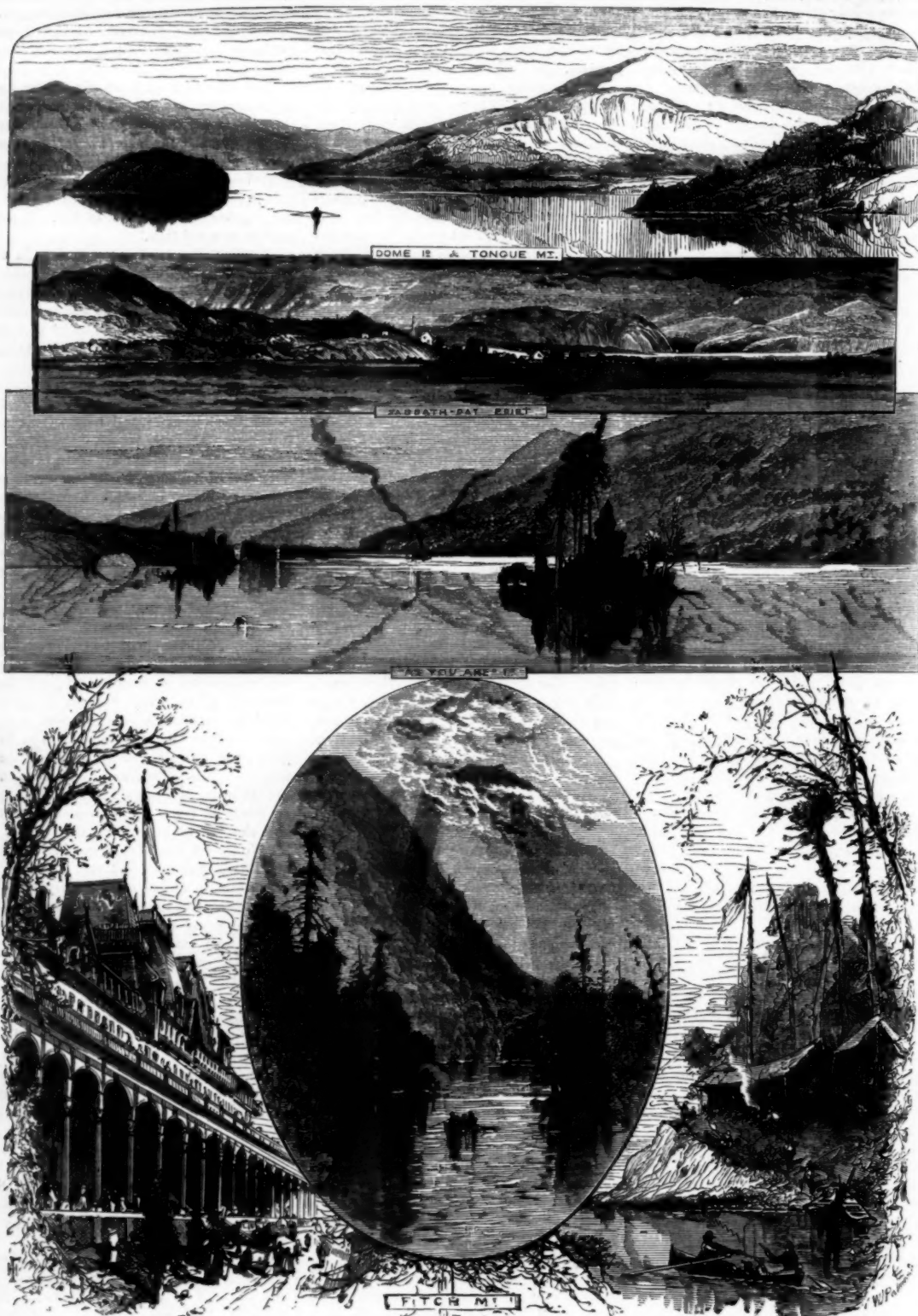
We passed Dome Island and the Narrows and Black Mountain, and still we made no great effort to decide upon a tarrying-place. We were content to plough along in that absolute and grand tranquillity, and to feel the soft air upon our faces, and to rest our eyes upon the great spectacles that constantly opened before us.

"Have I lived so long in America and never heard of all this before?" sighed Helena—"and even yet we have twelve miles to go."

And Helena never sailed a more charming twelve miles in her life, with the exception of the twelve miles we had just thus passed over.

There were few plains to be seen. There was but little smooth land, save where at the foot of the hills centuries of storms had brought down from the rocks and the forests enough to make a meadow whereupon to build a cottage.

The hills with which the lake was girded upon every hand were of heights ranging from one hundred to twenty-four hundred feet. Some of these were bald and precipitous, consisting entirely of bare and jagged rocks, upon whose sterile faces no verdure could



SCENES ON LAKE GEORGE.
(From "PICTURESQUE AMERICA.")

find a footing, and some were smoothly outlined, rising gently and, if one may say so, lazily from the edge of the water, and retiring in easy upward slopes among their rougher and more picturesque fellows.

In a few places there were sheer cliffs, and beneath these the steamer worked its way with terrible echoes to its steaming and straining.

The distances were rich and delicate beyond description. The gradual lessening of the heights into low undulations, and the fading of the greens into blues and then into the tenderest of mists, are not effects for which one cares to claim peculiar consideration, but it may be fairly insisted that this spectacle, for breadth and for variety of combinations of these effects, is great beyond comparison.

We reached the end of the lake, and still found ourselves among the hills. We saw the people climb upon the red stages and set off over the yellow roads for Ticonderoga; yet there was no temptation for us, except to go back again over the path we had come.

We lunched under an elm and drank claret-cup; and Helena, with a gold-pencil, wrote a few verses on the blank sheet of a letter, and then refused to speak to us in our temporary guise as satyrs, and, resting her head upon a bundle of shawls, gave herself up to the hills and the water.

It was four o'clock when we once more started toward the south.

The highest of the mountains now cast long shadows, and it was the eastern shore that was illuminated, while the western was slowly becoming dark.

Again we came to Rogers's Slide and Anthony's Nose, and when in the full glow of the noon their baldness and ruggedness had filled us with sensations of delight, the same features, now covered with the sombre veil of the evening, were mournful and gloomy in the extreme.

Helena, seated upon the upper deck, with a covering upon her shoulders, leaned back in her chair with clasped hands and with her head inclined, as dumb as a statue, and as grave as a child.

The responsiveness of this bright maid to the temper of her surroundings pleased us mightily. At that moment her heart was as much enveloped in the shades of the evening as the landscape itself was, and she was uncommunicable as were the mountains themselves. An hour and two had passed and she still sat in reverie, while Jack and I smoked our pipes behind the little wheel-house.

"She will take us back to Caldwell, I fear," said Jack. "Not one spot in these thirty-four miles seems to have pleased her more than all the rest. It is a pity that it is all so beautiful."

But this did not happen.

We returned to our charge and our tyrant.

She was transformed. We were close under the great Black Mountain on the eastern side. The Black Mountain was, however, no longer black. It was lighted up from its top to its bottom with the yellow glow of the setting sun. The light penetrated all its deep seams and chasms, and poured upon its moss-hung cliffs and

crags a flood of glory. The water was yet perfectly still, and in it was reflected this splendid height. The next mountain lay in the shadow of another across the lake; so did the next and the next. Far off, however, the brilliance again appeared, and farther off yet again and again.

On the east the sky was full of light clouds, massed in parallel banks. They extended for miles, and nearly made an arch. The hills on the west were dark, except where they sank to meet each other. At these places the sun poured through, slanting across the tops of the lowland forests, lighting up the luxuriant islands and mounting the hills on the opposite side of the water.

Helena gazed in rapture upon this supreme and silent spectacle. She was aglow with delight. The little steamer surged along, the veriest trifle in the midst of these tremendous elements, and our dictator, many times smaller yet, stood, with burning face and liquid eyes, watching the picture.

All at once there was borne to our ears from the west the soft and silver sound of a bell. It seemed to be a chapel-bell. Helena turned her head and raised her finger. It rang again—sweet, low, and melodious. It surprised us. The light being in our eyes, the place whence it came, at the foot of some steep mountains, seemed dark and uninhabited.

The steamer approached the shore. Suddenly the clouds, which had shaded the sun for the moment, parted and shed a flood of brilliance over one of those fertile plateaus with which the shore of the lake is lined. It was rich, almost overburdened, with graceful trees and shrubbery.

Amid these masses of green are half a score of white villas, built with taste and adorned with a hundred embellishments. Here we saw a sloping roof with dormer-windows; here a white balustrade, marking the limit of a garden; here a veranda, hospitably set with chairs; here a rustic arbor perched upon a rock; here a boat-house, or a water-pavilion; here a lofty cupola; and here, perhaps, a pagoda or trellised arch of vines. All about are lawns, winding paths, pretty copses, and flower-skirted glades.

Just above this plateau, and showing full over the roofs of the cottages, is a pretty stone church, with high-pitched and ornamented roof, surmounted by an airy pinnacle, and two golden crosses, which glittered in the sun. It has a porch with mediæval doors, and in front of it is a bell-tower, a campanile, in whose open chamber swung to and fro the sweet-voiced bell.

Behind arose two great hills, whose enormous breadth made at once a shelter and a background for the incomparable scene.

Overhead, the clouds, illuminated upon their under-sides with the sun, yet bearing here and there the gloom of the coming night, and showing through their rents the splendid blue of the sky, moved slowly to the eastward, led by flying drifts of purple mist.

Here was a paradise.

Beneath the trees we saw people strolling arm-in-arm, and upon the lake were boats, whose languid oars plashed the water, and made the drops glitter in the air.

We asked a few questions of the captain.

Helena was eager beyond all description. "Is there a public-house here—a place that will only shelter us?"

"Yes."

"Then," cried she, with one sweeping glance at the scene—"then here we shall stay. I see that you are pleased. An autocrat has her uses after all; hasn't she? You know that you would have stopped at any one of the twenty other places; now, wouldn't you?"

Ah, what days were those that followed!

Permit me to transcribe a few words from Helena's diary. A woman's diary is often, while being a thing of shreds and tatters, a marvel of exactness:

"In the morning a soft south wind covers the lake with ripples. Then I troll for pickerel under the shady lee of the verdant islands and the wooded shores. The forests are musical with birds. Later in the day I climb the hills in a short skirt and buy cream of the innocent farmers at a shilling the glass. When I am tired, I pant in the groves of pine, and look down through the branches at the rich valley, and the glorious lake, and the great mountains on the other side. Now and then I gain a summit. I neglect my dinner, even though I hear the faint tinkle of the bell half a mile beneath me.

"O these little hills! How many there are! The surface of the earth is tossing with them. Black, gray and black, dark green, green, light green, blue and green, blue, pale blue, a cloud, and nothing—nothing but the sky!"

"But what a sky! Nothing equals the sky but the lake; and nothing equals the lake but the hills. The heavens, the water, and the wild land, altogether entrance me. I shall not wish to go away from here. Now and then you hear a distant voice or a wagon-wheel upon some hidden road, and here and there you see a house and a bit of farm-land; but, after all, there is nothing but the still landscape and the rush of the air through the great forests. I am content to stay forever. I have lost my liking for my friends, and I should like to own an island, as many people do, and dwell upon it, and muse and dream my life away. I will mention it to Jack. The mail! Thank Goodness! How far one is from the world at the distance of a day's ride!"

In two weeks she was sighing for Saratoga. She wished to dance, if only once more.

ALBERT F. WEBSTER.

ONE OF FIFTY DAYS IN SOUTHERN LABRADOR.

FOUR o'clock, Saturday morning, July 7th, in the Straits of Belle Isle, and that huge rampart of rock, these few icebergs stranded here and there, this occasional lump of floe-ice floating down with the tide, these outlandish puffins, and large flocks of eider-ducks skimming the surface or flying high overhead, tell us that, after nine days of sailing, we are sighting the Labrador coast.

Here codfish grow largest and most numerous; so twenty thousand fishermen from the British colonies and about six thousand

Yankees migrate hither every summer for the cod, herring, and salmon, that swarm in these icy waters. Here, in the spring of the year, numbers of hardy Newfoundland sealers risk their lives in the ice just breaking up; while all the year round there are estimated to be five thousand Esquimaux, Micmacs, Englishmen, Frenchmen, Jerseymen, and half-breeds, who live, thanks to the codfish, on these favored shores. Here people are born, live, and die, who have never seen a horse, cow, sheep, or cat, or a civilized dog. Wild Esquimaux dogs, savage, wolfish creatures, are the only beasts of burden.

The animals and birds are half arctic and half temperate. Sweet, dwarfish, arctic flowers here nestle in beds of reindeer-moss, while our Alpine flora one may gather on Mount Washington luxuriates with stunted growths of bushy firs and birches. So, all the shells, worms, and creeping things, are the same in kind and number as those that Otho Fabricius wrote of in his "*Fauna Grönlandica*," during his dreary life in Southern Greenland one hundred years ago.

As we approach land no capes run out to greet us, or sheltered harbor opens its arms to embrace. An uninterrupted line of coast confronts the gulf. In one place is the intense monotony of the outline relieved by the Hills of Bradore, where the coast sweeps round fifteen miles to the eastward, and the straits widen out. It is a charming morning, the sun up but an hour, and just breeze enough to move us over the placid sea. Flocks of grave, enormous, hook-billed puffins sweep by us in squadrons of fifties and hundreds, or flocks of elder-ducks fly swiftly out from the land. Coming up nearer to this strange coast, the line breaks here and there; a few rocks and islands start out from the shore. We pass by schools of two-masted fishing-boats, with two men apiece hooking codfish; we hail the fellows, but they are too busy to look up. Things look a little more lively; more islands appear, channels wind through them, choked with fleets of fishing-smacks. But the wind leaves us, so we put out a boat and tow through these narrow passages, whose walls of rock rise on each side higher than the masts of our schooner, though not very precipitously, for all has been worn down and subdued by water. So we move along, as if on a smooth-flowing, deep, narrow river, or a Norwegian fiord; now we round a point, and can almost jump ashore; then a bend in the channel takes us over to the other side; now we luff a little to avoid a group of Nova-Scotia fishermen, fat, sleek, moon-faced fellows, whose boats, loaded with fish, are busy discharging their burden, pitching up on deck half-dead cod, which are seized in a trice by groups of "headers," "splitters," and "gutters." And then the multitudinous smells, now coming fierce and strong from deck and hold, anon gentle and spicy as the cook turns the morning fry. Now the surface is streaked with oily films, but these break away and disclose, six or eight fathoms below, a clear, sandy bottom, strewed with fish offal, on which banks of sea-urchins feed. If we look long and steadily enough, we shall see swarms of beautiful, delicate, transparent jelly-fish, with an occasional

clio, a winged mollusk, fully as pure and beautiful, only more transparent. Suddenly the bottom is obscured by an immense shoal of caplin, slowly swimming just above the bottom. The rocks now reveal green, sunny declivities; little valleys, sprinkled with flowers; an arctic butterfly comes out to our vessel; and now we open upon a house; it is only a deserted fish-house, but a cur, keeping up such a terrible barking on the other side of the hill, lets us know that there are human beings, as well as canine, not far off. If we may believe it, there is a small, stunted, homely, Quebec cow feeding on the side of the hill. Here was a clear case of unnatural selection. The scenic features of this coast do not demand a cow to grace the foreground. Her nautical owner informs us, in sturdy Labradorian dialect, that she had been brought up this spring. "I made her fast to her moorings, and there let her bide to eat the grass." Her husband had broken loose from his moorings, and was emulating the roar of the waves on the "land-wash." The children, more used to seals and sea-cows, had not yet recovered from their astonishment at this freak of Nature.

The channel now widens out into the bay of Bonne Espérance, a fine open space of water, tolerably well sheltered from storms. Two days after I got settled on Caribou Island, in Salmon Bay, just east of Bonne Espérance.

The whole coast of Labrador is lined with multitudes of small islands, separated by deep, narrow channels from the main-land, with here and there a bay of some extent, where the islands are separated far apart. Thus, a small sail-boat can start from the mouth of the St. Lawrence, and take an inside passage up to the Straits of Belle Isle, and there will only be a few places where she will encounter the outside swell. These numberless islets and channels are too numerous and intricate to be accurately mapped. At least, our ordinary charts give no accurate idea of their location, and navigation for the whole coast is a matter of guess-work.

Caribou Island is the largest within fifty miles, perhaps, of Salmon Bay. It is about two miles long and half as broad. But it is in vain to guess about the length or breadth of any part of this rough-and-tumble country, so I will measure it with my legs. It is a fresh, cool, breezy morning; thermometer, say, at 56°. At noon it will not be higher than 65°.

At the outset, it may as well be said that this is no country for slippers or calf-skin boots of ordinary make. Here Jersey cowhide or native-made seal-skin boots are the mode. With any thing on but these, two minutes' walk out-doors will wet one's feet thoroughly, so wet and soaked is the boggy ground. For bog-trotting, or moss-tramping, or climbing rocks, seal-skins *à la Esquimaux*, so light and water-tight, are indispensable.

The way lies round the head of a little bay, which meets a quiet vale, filled with grass and ferns at the top, but half-way down, as it widens out, choked with a stunted spruce and fir growth, or what the people call "tucking," or "tuckermel-bush." It is in vain to try to push through it, so dense the growth, so gnarled, twisted, and grown to-

gether in one impenetrable mass the trunks, and so flat and table-like the branches spread out above. Here is a perfectly tight shelter, should it rain. Many a hunter, belated at nightfall, has crept under these bushes, and made a comfortable night of it. So the bears find good hiding-places here, and cannot be found without dogs to scent them out. Lower down, the valley extends into an alder-swamp, a Lilliputian growth, perhaps three feet high, choked with rank grasses and sedges, crowding the sides of a slow-moving brook. Here mosquitoes and black flies swarm; we are under shelter of a cliff, and there is no wind to keep off these horrible pests. Now they rage and torment, these myriad entomological furies! Now for a frantic rush out of this purgatory, and a tiresome climb of a hundred feet up this cliff! It is high, but not very rough, for all the rocks are hidden by soft, reindeer-moss, and the crevices are filled up with tuckermel, and the ravines that run down its sides have their dripping, mossy walls sprinkled over with Alpine flowers, and their bottoms carpeted with coarse arctic grasses. Only here and there patches of the original granite show themselves. Now and then a brown or yellow butterfly flits by, or an arctic bumble-bee bumbles and buzzes in the flowers; two or three beetles crawl over the fern-leaves, while a few meagre, lean-looking flies lead a sort of doubtful existence. There is none of that outburst and profusion of insect-life that characterizes woodland life in the States in midsummer. For the benefit of the entomologically curious, I will state that nowhere on the coast or inland, at least within twenty miles of Salmon Bay, has a grasshopper been seen or heard of! The common red-legged grasshopper, that is so abundant everywhere with us all the summer, which luxuriates on the summit of Mount Washington, and is found by arctic travelers about Melbourne Island, spread, in fact, all through British and Arctic America, is here wanting, so scanty and parsimonious is the distribution of insect-life on these shores. But I must mention the hornet's nest I stumbled upon one day, about as large as one of Heenan's fists, stuck down under the moss, in a mass of roots. Well aware of the notorious temper of these insects, and fully conscious of past sad experiences, I approached the dread precincts, extended a six-foot pole, and gave a gentle tap—no answer; another—two individuals crawl out—a simultaneous rush of the invader to the rear; the "combat deepens"—four more dabs with the six-footer—a baker's dozen issue forth and fly around, alas! how dolorous and sad! They give chase for a pace or two, and then pause, look back irresolutely, and give it up. Such was my experience with Labrador hornets.

By this time we have topped the cliff, and far down below lies Salmon Bay. Seven fishermen from Newburyport find here one of the best harbors on the coast—securely land-locked, and good anchorage in fifteen fathoms' mud—a beautiful dredging-ground. Large cockles, curious pelican's-feet, delicate nereids, clumsy crabs, and neat, active shrimp, abound and multiply as the sands of the sea in number. On the right is Salmon

Bay settlement, one of the most populous places on the coast, consisting of seven families. And now the eye, sweeping north, east, and west, takes in the vast desolation of hills, relieved only by gleaming fragments of ponds, or snow-banks of a sullen white. There is no continuous series of ranges rising up back of one another, like any well-ordered mountain-group, but a chopped sea of undeveloped mountains, whose tops seem to have been ground down by water and ice when the world was much younger than it is now, but which, after this, as if a rebel horde of Titans, made seemingly ineffectual attempts to grow up again, and only succeeded in spots; and, here then, have been kept bare ever since by arctic frosts and snows.

If we imagine we can see forests growing among those hills, it is only because we have been told that woods do grow in the sheltered valleys, and now and then venture up the hill-sides. Thus the country runs back for hundreds of miles, the hills rising five to eight hundred feet high, bare and desolate, but the valleys are much better wooded in the interior of the country, being warmer and more sheltered. There are no regular rivers in Labrador, only rows of ponds—and very crooked rows—linked by rapids, which the Micmacs only can navigate in their light canoes. There are no water-sheds, no continuous valleys to unite into one stream the thousand ponds that gather in every depression.

But we have feasted long enough upon this rare, unique scene. We speak not of the freshness of the breeze, of the exhilaration and inspiration it brings, and not, least of all, of the perfect freedom from every sign of fly or mosquito. Now for two miles of bog-trotting, an hour of black-fly and mosquito fighting. While sitting upon the hill during that half-hour's rest, the breeze kept the flies from our face, but how secretly and in what untoward numbers had the silvery-legged rascals crept into our flannel shirts, covered hat and back, doing nothing but hold on for the wind! but now, under lee of this wall, the plagues have the advantage. They fly into our face, eyes, nose, and mouth; they do not bite hard, like the mosquitoes, but the vampires suck long and deep, leaving great clots of blood. To complete the work, half a dozen frightful horse-flies of gigantic stature hover about; now and then, when we are not watching, they will settle down on our hands and bite terribly, making a wound which does not heal for days. It is useless to try to bear it. I make a stampede up the rocks to the breeze, but they follow in clouds, pouncing down like small-shot on my wide-awake. So running, as if for my life, one moment, and stopping to rest the next; now starting up a white-headed finch or solitary robin, or stopping to watch a Canadian jay or hungry cormorant sailing aloft, or pausing to trace out two or three contiguous circles of bowlder-stones, which marked the former wigwags of the Micmac Indians, who used to have bloody fights on this island with the Esquimaux; now wading a swamp, or making *dilours* round miniature ponds, or jumping a narrow ravine, or circumnavigating a growth of tuckermel—I come to a stand on the south side

of the island. It has been blowing fresh for two or three days from the southwest, and the gulf rolls in a magnificent surf, sweeping grandly upon the pebbly beach, or dashing wildly against the sea-wall. Half a mile from shore a huge iceberg is stranded, and the wind blows cold and damp. Farther out on the straits the sun flashes on four or five other fine bergs, though it is the middle of July. And so clear is the air, that the low, blue-limestone coast of Newfoundland, forty miles opposite, can easily be seen.

Now, where are all the sea-birds that I expected to find filling the air, and crowding the rocks, up here in Labrador? A lonely raven is just passing over, a few small land-birds are chipping on the rocks, a small owl wings his noiseless flight low over the bogs—these, with a pair of saddle-back gulls sailing aloft, are about the only birds to be seen. Sometimes a loon flies over the island, or a small flock of eider-ducks settles down in a pool. If one pushes out a little way on to the straits, he will start up a few razor-billed auks, or see a flock of guillemots, or their cousins, the murre. People here call the guillemots sea-pigeons, though more like crows than pigeons in size and color. A flock of puffins will fly off just out of gunshot across the bows of one's boat, for all these sea-birds are shy and difficult to approach. I must delay a moment on these puffins. They are queer, grave birds, profoundly Quakerish in their habit, wise-looking as the seven Gathamites, only wanting a pair of good, old-fashioned, silver-bowed spectacles to set off their enormous hook-nosed visages. Just here they are not very abundant, but, fifteen miles up the coast, at Bradore, these peculiar people have appropriated a red-sandstone island. On this patch of rock, whose soft, crumbling surface they bore in all directions, making galleries about a foot from the surface, they have bred from time immemorial. However wild they are on the waves, here they suffer themselves to be pulled forth from their holes, and summarily choked by ardent ornithologists without a squeak of resistance.

Indeed, June and July, or the first of August, is no time to come to Labrador for birds; all the ducks are among the inland ponds, breeding. The sea-birds that breed here gather in one place sixty miles down the coast, on the Bird Islands, forming the Mecatina group. There are few to molest their nests, and they live in comparative quiet. Let a crew visit a breeding-place in the middle of June, and they can very quickly load a boat with eggs. It is said that vessels come up here from Boston every year, and load up with eggs, to carry back to the States.

About the middle of August that beautiful and graceful bird, the sea-swallow, or arctic tern, makes its appearance, flying about the sea-cliffs, hovering over the fishermen's boats, and keeping up an interminable screeching and twittering; they are the most garrulous of gulls. With them appear a few of the rarer gulls. Then the ring-necked rook and other plover, and flocks of sandpeeps and yellow-legs gather on the flats. But the curlews eclipse them all. We had had intimations of their arrival. Already

had small squadrons been seen wheeling around the hill-tops, and now over the sea, and as they advanced or retreated, their "mild mixing cadence" now grew loud and near, and now waxed fainter and fainter. On the afternoon of the 10th of August I heard the alarm of "Curlew!" and, sure enough, over across the neck, a mile away, was a flock of these birds, darkening nearly a square mile of the sky. There must have been four thousand in that flock, all piping and whistling like the jingling of ten thousand sleigh-bells, or the whistling of the wind through the ropes of a squadron of seventy-fours, while performing a series of evolutions of wonderful celerity and precision. The whole mass wheeled around the hills and over the plain, now stretching out over the bay, made up of smaller troops, chasing each other around and through the whole moving mass in the greatest apparent confusion and disorder. It was really a great sight, this marshaling of the curlew hosts. After this grand review of their forces they separate into small flocks, scatter over the country to feed on the curlew-berries now ripening, or to patrol the shore at low water in search of stray worms and snails. The inhabitants kill large quantities of this delicious bird, and salt them down in barrels for winter use. They cannot conjecture where they come from, but say that the first north-east wind in late summer always brings them.

But the sun is going down in the fog and mist driving in from the gulf. The wind has hauled to the east, and blows chilly and damp; and so ended many of the thirty fair days of the fifty I spent in Southern Labrador.

RAIN.

ALL night the rain had fallen, and the sky
Was low and gray,
When dawning woke the weeping earth to see
Another day.

The tender leaves were all disconsolate.
Trembling they said—
Leaning together close in utter pain—
"The sun is dead."

A bowery cradle of an apple-tree,
With sway and swing,
Lulled the pink baby-buds, but, in its heart,
Gave up the spring.

Such promise to be broken in an hour!
O vanished grace!
Lo! suddenly the sun, in majesty,
Revealed his face.

Sweet Nature turned to meet him, blushing for
Her foolish fears,
A thousand times the dearer in his joy
For all her tears.

So have I seen a heart, its budding world
In clouds of grief,
Bow all its promise in a patience mute,
Nor hope relief.

So have I seen the sun of love shine out,
From mist of pain,
On beauty that the heart had never known
Without the rain.

M. F. BURTS.

MISCELLANY.

MINOR ORIGINAL ARTICLES, TRANSLATIONS, AND SELECTIONS.

A RUN THROUGH LORRAINE AND ALSACE.

MORE than three years had elapsed since the close of the fatal war which resulted in the cession of two of the fairest of the French provinces, Alsace and Lorraine, to Germany, when business led my steps in that direction. As the attention and interest of all intelligent Europe had been concentrated there for so long, I was intensely curious, not only to traverse the country from end to end, but also, and above all, to associate myself as much as possible with the inhabitants of the provinces, and so make myself acquainted with their present spirit and frame of mind toward their new masters.

I had been accustomed all my life to the "tall talk" of the Parisians, and, since the war, had heard of nothing but the unalienability of the Alsatian heart from France, the utter impossibility that any time or circumstances would ever reconcile it to Germany. I was, therefore, not a little anxious to see with my own eyes whether the three years of annexation already elapsed had done any thing to reconcile the hearts of the Lorrains and Alsations to their conquerors. Were they still as bitter and antagonistic? Had the emigration been really as extensive as was declared, and had not commercial and family interests begun to prevail, as one might reasonably expect, against their ruinous French patriotism?

Well, no. Entirely German in language, in customs, and modes of life; German also in character, the Alsations still seem more French in heart than any other part of the new republic.

Starting by railroad from Luxembourg, the Prussian element has already become universal. The Prussian badge upon the red caps and uniforms of the officials, has replaced the lion rampant of Belgium, and their superior organization makes itself recognized at once by the absence of all the jostling, and crowding, and counter-currents, one has been used to in Belgium.

My neighbor, a Messin, was soon in conversation on the two inevitable topics—French politics and the annexation. Any one accustomed to French society knows how easily each political partisan annihilates his adversary. As a Republican, therefore, my companion naturally bore down, at one fell swoop, upon Legitimists, Imperialists, and, above all, the hybrid government called the party of order, now so strangely uppermost. Then came the cry from his deepest heart, "But, whatever our divisions, all parties are one upon the subject of our provinces—they can never remain as they are now; war is inevitable, and the one indisputable necessity with every party is to prepare our army as quickly as possible for the fierce struggle."

No wonder he could not forget his longings for one instant. There, in sight of that world-renowned Metz—there, on every side as we traveled through that beautiful plain of Lorraine—is the German official; while all the railway-stock, every truck, every wagon, every carriage, and even every window-blind, is marked with those words, "Elsaas-Lothringen," so terribly offensive to a Frenchman's heart!

Farther on in Alsace I learned the terrible straits to which some families have been brought by the choice of nationality. "Nearly all that have remained by the force of circumstances," one lady told me, "are sepa-

rated from their sons, who are all sent to Nancy or the nearest French town for education. Nancy is so crowded now, that only a small apartment of five rooms can be obtained at a rent of five thousand francs (about two hundred pounds). We are forced to send our sons away, and cannot have them back even to see us: we are obliged to go to them." Then the everlasting reiteration of inevitable war closes the subject.

Sarguemines is reached, and we have parted with a loquacious representative of French trade, and have taken in a new companion, come to join two French ladies with their little boys. A very different stamp these: types of the upper classes living in retirement on their own property; the gentleman evidently of the same class.

Hearing from his old friends of my nationality, he began at once to speak a few words of English to me. I soon found out that it was more than the usual French vanity that induced him to display his knowledge of our language. "I was in England last December, stopping at the Cannon-Street Hotel, during that fog which did so much damage at the Agricultural Hall. I was there," he continued, noticing my surprise that he should choose a city hotel, and at that time of year, "to study the principle of the steam-plough." I put Monsieur de K—y down as a country proprietor in search of recent improvements to introduce among his tenants. He did not leave me long in ignorance of his interest in the steam-plough.

"Oh! you cannot think," he exclaimed, enthusiastically, "how good the English have been to us Messins. I was shut up in Metz through all the siege. When it was all over it was your compatriots that brought the first relief. Do you know any of the Society of Friends that were sent to us? It is perfectly incredible how liberal and good they were. Ah! how much we owe them!" Then he began enumerating all the great names in the Quaker community, well known indeed for their deeds of mercy at home, that entered Metz immediately upon its fall as messengers of love, at the same time that the Prussians entered—the objects of unutterable hatred. He went on telling how they brought food, clothing, agricultural implements, and, best of all, the steam-plough; how they staid among them all that winter, always doing angels' work: the men in their strength and capacity among the healthy and strong, the women in their tenderness among the sick and weak. How I wish our "friends" in England could have heard how their work was appreciated! "I was one of the most active," he continued, "in getting up the testimonial that the Messins sent to all the members of the deputation, and through them we hope to subscribers all over England and even the United States."

In quaint, mediæval, busy Strasbourg one could be less oblivious than anywhere else of the change that had taken place. German seemed the universal language; and German soldiers were everywhere. On the Broglie-Platz, where the military music plays, they were literally awarming. Superior officers were parading about with the air of proud possession, accompanied by their wives and half a dozen fair daughters, or sitting under the trees drinking beer and smoking to their hearts' content, while the whole avenue was covered with soldiers and the lower class of the townsfolk with their children. Of the gentlefolks, even of the commercial class, there was, however, not one representative. The French people, as the French language, was conspicuous by its complete absence; and I concluded that the sentiments that could keep the French away from any thing that had in it the least element of pleasure or display, must be deep-rooted indeed.

Only at the cathedral was I unpleasantly impressed on hearing a sermon in French upon the text "Forgive your enemies" applied politically. Sublime maxim!—difficult of application at all times, between nations impossible till patriotism and independence have become empty words. Time only can effect a change. "*Faut du temps*," observed my host of the "Mouton," in a small town of the Vosges, "*deux générations au moins, avant de pouvoir les supporter*."

Still, though the annexation is the most fatal effect of the war, involving as it does the probable renewal of hostilities at no very distant date, yet one must in fairness acknowledge that never was conquered country more graciously governed, and never were conquerors individually better conducted. "They do all their possible" (said an inhabitant of Saverne to me) "to make themselves liked; and, were they not our enemies, I should really feel sorry for their position. But, for all that, no one will associate with them. Most of the rich, who could leave, have left. M. About is no solitary instance. Others, like him, have refused to sell their lovely country-houses to Prussian bidders; and so they have shut them up, and left them in charge of their gardeners, and will never return until Alsace again changes hands. Those who are forced to remain live in complete retirement; our once gay little town is like dead."

Conciliatory and well-conducted, I judged the Germans indeed to be, from the accounts given me by a lady, the head of a large school for young ladies in the Vosges. Several times during the war she had had twenty-five or thirty soldiers quartered upon her for days together, occupying the lower part of her establishment, while the young ladies were left in quiet possession of the upper stories. "Nothing could be more quiet, modest, and unexacting, than their conduct," she observed to me. "They seemed anxious to spare me any unnecessary expense, and were always satisfied with any thing that was provided for them. When at one time twenty-eight men, without any officer, were sent, I began to feel very alarmed; but it was quite unnecessary—every thing was as quiet as if no soldiers were there. Not one ever ventured beyond their own precincts; and, when they used to dine after the young ladies in the dining-hall, they were far more quiet than the girls had been."

"Would French soldiers have been so discreet?" came to the tip of my tongue, when my friend continued:

"I cannot boast of the same consideration from the townspeople. I have lived here more than twenty years, and in that time have become completely French; but it was enough that my origin was German for them to want to wreak their vengeance upon me after the fall of Metz. In that first outburst of frenzy against Germany, the mass of the lower classes here rose simultaneously, and threatened to attack my house, where thirty-six young ladies were being educated. It was a terrible moment for me. The doctor took me under his protection, declaring that he would shoot the first man who dared to pass my gates. I, meanwhile, screwed up my courage to the utmost, and went to the *mairie*, where I gave notice that it would go badly with any who attempted violence on my house. I had English, French, and German young ladies; above all, I had the daughter of a German general. They might expect summary vengeance if my house were not respected. On hearing this, the roughs abandoned their hostile intentions, and my house remained unmolested."

"And has the hostility died out against you?" I asked.

"Among the townspeople, yes. I have been so long among them—for I was educated here, and have lived here nearly all my

life—that they know me almost as a Frenchwoman; but some belonging to the upper classes, who were formerly among my best friends, will not approach the house because of my nationality. 'I am sorry I cannot see you or have you to stay with us,' wrote a young lady, living not far from here on a large property, to one of my pupils, who was her most intimate friend; 'but it is impossible for me to put my foot into that German woman's house.'

The educated classes, who have been forced by their business or property to stay, and who, being without sons, have been able to do so and still to remain French, seem to be the most exasperated of all against the Prussian rule, and treat the Germans with the utmost contempt. "If I see a German coming near me in the street," observed a Colmar lady to me, "I cross to the other side, just as if a leprous or plague-smitten person were approaching me;" and, even when circumstances have brought about some slight acquaintances, as is inevitable in large cities, the French man or woman will never vouchsafe the slightest bow or recognition to such German acquaintance if they happen to meet in the street.

At Colmar, the chief town of the department, irritating changes, increased taxation, forced family separations, with divers other vexations, seem to have filled the cup of bitterness to overflowing. "The town has become the most deadly, dull, stupid place in the world," said one of the inhabitants to me—"dead to every thing except hatred of the Germans. I went into a shop the other day, and remarked upon a tapestry pattern that was hanging in the window that it came from Berlin. '*Mon Dieu! mon Dieu!*' exclaimed the shopkeeper in an agony; 'do not breathe such a thing, I beg of you! I should never have a French customer in my shop again.' 'You should put "*Paris*" in large letters on it to secure a good stroke of business,' I observed; and the advice was so warmly responded to that I am sure it will be followed."

There is still Mulhouse to speak of, which, though not the chief lieu, is the most important town in Alsace; and there the almost exaggerated patriotism of all classes permits, as yet, of no hope of reconciliation with the Germans.

Mulhouse, with its large population of manufacturers and their workmen, has only become French since 1796, and yet, more than any other town of Alsace, it is heart and soul French—its every interest seems bound up with France—its every heart-beat resents the cruel way in which it has been made over against its will to the power of the conqueror.

And, now that I have traversed the annexed provinces from end to end, I think that I am entirely satisfied upon the subject that so interested me in starting, and can fully indorse an opinion that I heard from an Alsatian, "Better far if Prussia had asked double the indemnity, and had not annexed our provinces."—*All the Year Round*.

WHERE VICTOR HUGO LIVED BEFORE HIS EXILE.

(Translated for the JOURNAL.)

THE author of "Quatre-vingt-treize" lately gave a *feuilletoniste* of the *Fanfulla* an opportunity to describe the various residences he has occupied since the beginning of his brilliant career.

Victor Hugo's fame began with his ode on the death of the Duke de Berri, which was published in 1820. He at that time was eighteen years old. An ode on the "Vendée," published by Elzé, and other poems published in the *Conservateur Littéraire*, which was con-

ducted by his brother, had not brought him into notice. The ode was written in the fourth story of a poor old house, No. 18 Rue des Petits Augustins, whither Victor's mother had moved, because she was compelled to live very frugally. She loved trees and flowers, and, as it was not her good fortune to possess a garden, she used to take pleasure in looking at the beautiful remnant of Laroche-foucauld's celebrated garden, which could be seen from her windows. Although she was already advanced in years, and accustomed to a roomy and airy residence, still she accepted the narrow and inconvenient *mansarde* without a murmur.

In the beginning of the year 1821 she moved with her sons to No. 10 Rue Mézières, where there was a garden, which was her greatest wish. The place was in the worst condition imaginable. As for the garden, it looked as though it had never been kept, but still it was a garden, and that sufficed. Its appearance was to be improved, and so it was, although the necessary improvements had to be undertaken in accord with their modest income. Abel, Eugène, and Victor, the future celebrity, gave all their leisure hours to the work until it was completed. They renovated the rooms, hung the wall-paper, and pulled the weeds; they were, in one person, carpenters, masons, paper-hangers, and gardeners. The sons had hardly made their new quarters inhabitable, when the mother was taken sick. On the 27th of June of the same year, as Eugène and Victor stood beside their mother's bed, Eugène said:

"See, mamma is getting better; she has slept now for nearly twelve hours."

"She will soon be well again," replied Victor, as he approached the bed and kissed her on her cold forehead. She was dead!

The next residence of the rising poet was at No. 30 Rue Dragon. Here he lived, with a cousin, in one garret-room, which was divided by a screen, on one side of which was their sleeping-apartment, on the other their *salon*. The furniture was very poor, and was limited strictly to the indispensable.

He had published some of his poems in the *Conservateur Littéraire*, others in an almanac. He now collected them in one volume, entitled "Odes and Ballads," which, however, was printed on such wretched paper, that Louis XVIII., when the book was shown him by his reader, Mennechet, cried out, "What a horrid-looking volume!" The edition of fifteen hundred copies was exhausted in three months, and yielded the author seven hundred and fifty francs.

Hugo now began to think of getting married. The seven hundred and fifty francs were expended for a cashmere shawl for his fiancée. The newly-married couple (they hardly numbered fifty years between them) first occupied apartments in Rue Veauvirard, and then in Rue Notre-Dame des Champs.

If Victor Hugo's fame dates from the publication of his ode on the death of the Duke de Berri, his fortune dates from the representation of "Hernani." After the fourth act, the publisher Mame sought an introduction to him in order to secure the right of publishing the play, and offered him six thousand francs for the privilege. When Hugo asked him to await the end of the representation, Mame replied:

"No, no, I prefer making the arrangement now."

"But the last act may damn the piece," replied Hugo.

"True, but, on the other hand, it may add to its success. After the second act, I was prepared to offer you two thousand francs; after the third, four thousand francs; and now, after the fourth, I offer you six thousand francs. I am afraid if I wait till the fifth act, I shall offer you ten thousand francs."

Hugo smiled, and accepted Mame's terms.

The contract was hastily drawn up and signed in a neighboring tobacco-store. The chief reason why Hugo accepted so promptly, was because his little exchequer was wellnigh empty.

The enormous success of "Hernani" brought any number of people to Hugo's residence; from early in the day till late in the evening, it was a continual coming and going. One morning the landlady came to Madame Hugo and said:

"You are a very amiable little lady, and your husband is a noble young fellow, but you are not the kind of tenants I want. I gave up business and bought this house in this retired neighborhood in order to live quietly, and yet, for the last three months, I have lived in a perfect bedlam. Day and night there is as much travel on the stairs as there is on the boulevards. I am often kept awake by your husband's friends, who not unfrequently make as much noise as would a congress of maniacs. What do they find to dispute about so much? I can stand it no longer."

"Then you send us away?"

"I am very sorry to be compelled to do so, but can I do otherwise? Literature may be a very nice thing, but I should not like to have a *littérateur* for a husband. I am sorry, but you will do me a favor if you will find other apartments on the first of the month."

Thus the discussions of the romanticists disturbed the peace-loving citizens, not only in the theatres, but also around their family hearths. Hugo left Rue Notre-Dame des Champs and transported his household gods to Rue Jean Gujon. Here he wrote "Notre-Dame" in five months. He then proposed to follow this romance with two others, "Quiequengrogne" and "The Son of the Hunchback," but they were never written. Here he wrote "Le Roi s'amuse," "Lucretia Borgia," which at first was called "A Supper at Ferrara," "Marie Tudor," "Angelo," etc.

Victor Hugo's last residence in Paris was in Rue Latour d'Auvergne. From there he was driven by a decree, dated January 9, 1852, which exiled him, together with other champions of the people. His furniture was sold at auction, and the Paris papers published an inventory of it. One of his admirers tried to raise a sufficient sum, by subscription, to buy it, and preserve it either for the poet or for the state, but his efforts were not successful.

"Hautville House" on the island of Guernsey, which was Hugo's home during the years of his exile, has been frequently described.

A GENTLEMAN.

It is common in our day to speak of gentlemen of position, gentlemen of means, gentlemen of the press, commercial and sporting gentlemen, etc. It was not in this vague sense that the word was used by James I., who, when his nurse entreated him to make her son a gentleman, replied that he could make him a lord, but that it was out of his power to make him a gentleman. The word does not now bear the interpretation it formerly did in England. While at one time it expressed the idea which the term *gentilhomme* does in France—where it retains its original significance to designate the members of a caste, distinct and apart—it has, in successive periods, been applied to degrees more widely extended. All classes now associate more freely than would have been tolerated in previous generations, and men no longer dress, either really or figuratively, in buckles and buckram. The garb of the Puritan—despised in the days when it was the fashion for a man to bedizen himself in ruffles and lace—is now the rule, and is appreciated for its plainness, its comfort, and its practical utility. The ordinary costume of gentlemen

—free, easy, and devoid of outward show and pretense—is an index of their mental condition. They eschew stiffness, they abhor formality, they despise all seeming. Their manners, though refined, are simple.

The gentleman is a representative character—a reflection of his era. We may trace the manners of the times in their various types: in the warlike and semi-barbarous, the chivalrous and romantic, the effeminate and ornate, the soldierly and scholarly, down to the earnest, accomplished, and practical specimen in our own day. As now understood, the term is indicative of conduct rather than lineage—of character rather than position—of the intrinsic qualities that contribute to its formation as much as their manifestation in the life. A gentleman is something unique, apart from any consideration of rank, education, or pursuits. There are many men of plain manners and limited means as thorough gentlemen as any noble in the land. The late Justice Talford, in his charge to the jury in an action wherein it was alleged that the defendant had said to the plaintiff, "Do not speak to me. I am a gentleman. You are a tradesman," took occasion to observe: "Gentleman is a term which is not confined to any station. The man of rank who deports himself with dignity and candor, the tradesman who discharges his duties with integrity, and the humblest artisan who fulfills the obligations incumbent upon him with virtue and honor, are alike entitled to the name of gentleman, in preference to the man, however high his station, who indulges in ribald and offensive remarks."

We may have a correct conception of the character without being able to enter into an analysis of it. Courtesy and simplicity are its leading features. The most highly-cultivated men are ever the least conceited, and we generally find that the pedantic are men of small understanding. Chesterfield embodies its constituent elements in the term "politeness," which he defines as a benevolence in trifles, or a preference of others to ourselves in the ordinary occurrences of life. Gentleness, the foundation of the character, implies a reserved power, and it is to be distinguished from weakness, as it is from a passive tameness of spirit and an unreasonable compliance with the dictates or the will of others. It renounces no just right from the fear of their frown, and yields no important truth to their flattery. A prominent feature of the character is considerateness, which may be said to consist in delicacy in the use of power—physical, moral, and social. Forbearance and wisdom in the exercise of this power—of that which the husband exercises over the wife, the father over his children, the teacher over his pupils, the old over the young, the strong over the weak, the master over his hands, the rich over the poor, the educated over the ignorant, the experienced over the confiding—mark the gentleman.

Bashfulness is not inconsistent with the character, and we are surprised that so rare a quality is not more highly appreciated. The thoughts and feelings of the retiring disposition are not less refined, although they may not be expressed with the gracefulness of the ready speaker or the impetuosity of the rattle-pate. This disposition frequently arises from the mind running in channels other than the commonplaces of ordinary conversation, and a consequent consciousness of inferiority in the art of pleasing. The assumption of the character is often but a simulation of the more agreeable habits of society, and only the veneer which hides depraved tastes and vicious propensities. Nothing more displays a frivolous, selfish, and vulgar mind than inattention to the simple courtesies of life, and without this even profound learning is no more than tiresome

pedantry. A person of this description says he can be a gentleman when he pleases. A true gentleman never pleases to be any thing else, and never, by any accident, derogates from this standard. He cannot stoop to a mean thing. He never struts in borrowed plumage. He never stabs in the dark. He is not one thing to a man's face and another behind his back. Papers not meant for his eye are sacred. Bolts and bars, locks and keys, bonds and securities, and notices to trespassers, are not for him. He is a consistent observer of the second great commandment: whatever he judges to be honorable, he practises toward all.

Perhaps it was because of Thackeray's keen-sightedness to detect, and his readiness to expose and pillory the snob, that he could the more genially describe a gentleman. There are many passages in his writings which bespeak his appreciation of the character. The reader will remember his famous prospectus of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, which, being conducted by gentlemen, was to be addressed to gentlemen. "Perhaps," he says, "a gentleman is a rarer personage than some of us think for. Which of us can point out many such in his circle: men whose aims are generous, whose truth is constant, whose want of meanness makes them simple, who can look the world honestly in the face with an equal manly sympathy for the great and the small? We all know a hundred whose coats are well made, and a score who have excellent manners, and one or two happy beings who are what they call in the inner circles, and have shot into the very centre and bull's-eye of fashion; but of gentlemen how many? Let us take a scrap of paper, and each make out his list."—*Tinsley's Magazine*.

CAN WE REMEMBER ODORS?

SOME persons say we can. Others are of opinion that we can only remember those things which have impressed the sight or the hearing. If it be said that the other senses have also their faculty of memory, or the mind the faculty of remembering whatever has forcibly impressed those senses, the objectors say: "No; you remember the appearance, and this appearance, by what Mr. Mill would have called mental chemistry, brings up the association of some kind of odor with the appearance."

Before we can assert, or deny, the possession of a memory of smells, we must define clearly what we mean by these words. The best way, then, is for each of us to consult his own experience as to actual sensations, and to supply the dictionary-makers with materials for settling the definitions. Meanwhile the controversy has brought forth many curious illustrations from persons who accept the popular belief.

John Fearn, in his "Essay on Consciousness," states that he never lost the memory of the smell of a baker's shop in a by-street of Bassora, nor that of a Jamaica fruit, luscious to eat, but unpleasant in odor, partaken of twenty-eight years before; nor that of kangaroo-meat eaten in Australia. Another remembers both the taste and the smell of some barberries eaten by him thirty years back. A colonist at Melbourne declares that nothing will ever drive from his memory the smell of the first boiling-down establishment he visited in Australia—an odor certainly not classed among those of a pleasant kind. All who have lived among the Chinese, or have been familiar with the localities in which the humbler classes of that nation reside, agree that the habits of the people give rise to odors equally indefinable and unwelcome; and the Melbourne colonist relates that this odor remains vividly impressed on his memory, though now far away from the scene.

A lady died when her little child was four years old. Musk had shortly before been brought into fashion by the Empress Josephine; the lady's handkerchiefs were scented with this strong perfume; and the child could not, or would not, go to sleep after her mother's death unless her head rested on one of these handkerchiefs. Long years afterward, when the child had become an aged lady, she vividly remembered the particular musk-odor of those particular handkerchiefs. Whether or not it could be explained by any act of association, to her, at any rate, it was just the same thing as a memory of a smell. An elderly man in 1871 declared that he had a distinct recollection of a smell that was impressed upon his senses in 1813. It was a little out of the common, and had on that account separated itself from other odors belonging to the same general class. Being a time of European war and of scanty crops, bread was very dear. His father, as a measure of economy, adopted the plan of sending the family-bread to be baked in a friend's oven. The bread was mostly in the form of cakes, one for each child; and the smell of these hot cakes when they came home from the oven seems to have impressed itself indelibly on the memory of one member of the family—the odor all the more welcome because bread was rather scarce. Here one special smell impressed itself in connection with a special incident; and the same may be said (supposing the narrator did not deceive himself) in relation to a fox-hunter, who declared that he retained a vivid recollection of the odor of the first fox he ever bagged, even after an interval of forty-six years. It is hard to say to such a man that he did not remember the odor—that it was only a case of association of ideas; the onus of proof certainly seems to rest on those who doubt the assertion. A similar case is that of a traveler who once, in Algeria, witnessed the roasting of a whole sheep; he could always afterward recall the odor of that roast as differing from any other he had experienced.

An argument of some strength is derived from the fact that we can compare two or more smells when only one is present. If, on smelling at two bottles exactly similar in appearance, we pronounce one to contain eau-de-Cologne, and the other sal-volatile, this may be said to be independent of any thing that can correctly be called memory of smells; but if one bottle only be present, and if we pronounce its contents to be not sal-volatile, but eau-de-Cologne, it is difficult to escape from the conviction that such a memory must really exist. Bandaging the eyes, and smelling at a bottle which is not familiar to us by the feel, if we pronounce upon its contents, by what test do we judge except a memory of one or more particular odors? Those who believe that we have no memory either for tastes or smells, have to explain how a man born blind can have a memory of any thing except sounds.

A gentleman who had an antipathy to cats, knew instantly by the odor that a cat had inadvertently been shut into a closet near his own room. It is difficult to conceive how he could have done this unless he had retained a memory of that particular kind of odor. Dr. Carpenter says: "During somnambulism there is a great exaltation of sensibility to external impressions. We have seen unequivocal proof that the sense of smell has been exalted to an acuteness at least equal to that of the most keen-nosed ruminant or carnivorous animal." This keenness of perception would be useless unless accompanied by a power of discriminating one smell from another; and this discrimination certainly seems to require the power of remembering former smells. Humboldt states that the Peruvian Indians can discriminate by the

sense of smell between the footprints of whites, Indians, and negroes; here, again, it would seem that they must have stored up somewhere in the memory the differences between these three kinds of odors. The Arabs of the Great Desert have been known to smell fire thirty miles off; they could only have known it to be fire by remembering former impressions of a similar kind.—*Chambers's Journal*.

THE VENDÔME COLUMN.

(Translated for the JOURNAL.)

On the 16th of May, the third anniversary of its destruction by the madmen of the Commune, the completely-restored Vendôme Column, surmounted with a statue of Napoleon I. in Caesar costume, was unveiled.

This column has a history, which is certainly not without interest. On the spot where later this colossal work of art was to rise, in the centre of Place Vendôme, there stood, until 1792, an equestrian statue of Louis XIV. As this statue was destroyed by the people in the year named, the first Napoleon decided to replace it with a plastic commemoration of his victories in 1805 over the united Austrians and Russians. Under the direction of the inspector-general of the Paris museums, Dominique Vivant, Baron of Denon, who had accompanied Napoleon on his campaigns to decide what works of art should, as booty, be transported to Paris, and the architects Jacques Gondouin and Jean Baptiste Le Pèrre, and at an expense of more than four million francs, the emperor had this triumphal column erected on the model of the Trajan Column in Rome. The work was begun August 26, 1806, and was completed August 15, 1810. The column weighed one million eight hundred thousand pounds, was one hundred and thirty-five feet high, and twelve feet in diameter. Resting on a pedestal twenty-two feet high, the column had a spiral staircase of one hundred and seventy-six steps, by which the top could be reached. The column was built of stone and covered with metal plates, for which, including the ornamentation of the pedestal, twelve hundred cannon taken at Ulm and in Vienna were used. The plates formed a spiral band with two hundred and seventy-six bass-reliefs, which, though of no great value in an art point of view, told the story of the war, in a series of illustrations, from the time the army marched out of the camp at Boulogne to the battle of Austerlitz. The figures were three feet high, and the entire length of the series was eight hundred and forty feet. Above the Doric capital there arose a dome-like structure on which stood the statue of Napoleon I. in his imperial robes. In 1814, after the entrance of the allies into Paris, the royalists removed this statue, and used the metal in casting the equestrian statue of Henry IV. on Pont Neuf; and, on the 28th of July, 1831, Louis Philippe replaced it with another statue of the emperor, eleven feet high, in his historic overcoat and three-cornered hat, modeled by Bernard Gabriel Sarré the elder. Napoleon III., in his turn, changed the statue of 1831 for another in antique costume.

On the 12th of April, 1871, the Paris Commune decided to demolish the column. The decree read:

"The Commune of Paris considering that the imperial column on Place Vendôme is a monument of barbarism, a symbol of brute force and false fame, an encouragement to *militarisme*, a denial of international rights, a permanent insult to the conquered on the part of the conqueror, a standing attack upon one of the great principles of the French Republic, fraternity, it is decreed: The column of the Place Vendôme shall be destroyed."

Victor Hugo sought in vain to save it

with an ode. A couple of weeks later the prophecy of the German poet Heinrich Heine, made in one of his letters from Paris, was fulfilled.

This letter, which may be found in the tenth volume of Heine's complete works, reads thus:

"Paris, December 19, 1841.

"The real rival of the obelisk of Luxor is still the Vendôme Column. Does it stand fast? I know not, but it stands in the right place—in harmony with its surroundings. Its foundation rests on true national ground, and he who leans against it has a secure support. Perfectly secure? No; for here in France nothing is perfectly secure. Once already a convulsion has robbed its capital of the 'Man of Iron,' who surmounted it, and should the Communists come into power, the same fate might await him the second time; or, perhaps, their radical notions of equality would raze the column itself, in order that this monument and emblem of *Ruhmsucht* (passion for glory) may disappear from the earth. The Commune would have no man and no work of human hand rise above a certain height; and architecture, as well as epic poetry, is threatened with destruction. 'Why another monument for an ambitious murderer of peoples (*Völkermörder*)?' I heard answered recently, when models for the mausoleum of the Emperor Napoleon I. were asked for: 'It costs the money of the suffering people, and we are sure to destroy it when the time comes!'"

The cost of the restoration of the Vendôme Column, according to the decision of a council of war, was to be defrayed by the distinguished painter Courbet, who was proved to have proposed its destruction.

THE CATHEDRAL AT SPEYER.

(From the German, for the JOURNAL.)

WHOEVER is so fortunate as to visit the Palatinate, that garden of Southern Germany, via the Rhine, should not fail to devote a few hours to the old imperial city of Speyer, in order to see its majestic cathedral, which rises above the plain as a landmark that can be seen from afar. In its design this cathedral is one of the most beautiful, as in its vicissitudes it is one of the most interesting, architectural monuments of the Roman style in all Germany.

Speyer is one of the oldest bishoprics in Germany. Here, owing to his partiality for the city, the Emperor Conrad II. determined to build a majestic cathedral, and on the 12th of July, 1031, he himself officiated at the laying of its corner-stone. The design of the cathedral was, however, so colossal, that Conrad did not live to see it completed. The immense structure was finished by his grandson, Henry IV., in 1061. And now began for this magnificent work of art a series of misfortunes which extend through several centuries. In the years 1159 and 1450 its interior was destroyed by fire, so that nothing remained but its walls, which seemed to be indestructible. Each time it was restored in more than its original magnificence, until in the year 1689, in the so-called "Reunion War," toward the end of May, the city was barbarously fired and reduced to ashes, including the cathedral, to which many of the citizens had flown, with such of their goods as they could carry. The French, in whose possession the Palatinate remained for ten years, would not allow the city to be rebuilt. It was not until the beginning of the eighteenth century that the city began to rise slowly from its ashes. As for the cathedral, it remained a mass of ruins until the year 1773, when an effort began to be made to rebuild it. Hardly, however, was it once more under roof, when in 1794 it was again devas-

tated by the French. It was alternately used by them as a forage-magazine and a military hospital, and when they evacuated the country it was to have been sold at auction, but Napoleon interposed and presented it to the Catholics of the bishopric, together with several other churches, from the proceeds of which the cathedral was to be rebuilt. As, however, the means thus obtained were entirely inadequate, the work was postponed till better times. The Vienna treaty gave the Palatinate to the crown of Bavaria, and in 1816 the then King of Bavaria, Maximilian Joseph I., visited his newly-acquired province and commanded as a *souvenir* of his visit the cathedral to be rebuilt—a decree that did much toward winning the hearts of his new subjects.

The rebuilding was not done, it is true, on the same magnificent scale that the church was originally built, but it was nevertheless done very worthily, and was so far completed in 1824 as to admit of the church's being used. Then succeeded Louis I. to the throne, and he took it upon himself to embellish the interior with frescoes after designs by Schrandolph, which now, that they are completed, make the Speyer Cathedral one of the most beautiful in Germany as well as one of the largest. It is surpassed in size only by the cathedral at Cologne, which covers only about fifty more square feet. The length of the interior is 446 feet, the breadth of the three naves 127 feet, the breadth including the two wings 178 feet, the height of the two towers 236 feet. The whole design of the edifice is late Roman: twelve colossal square columns separate the principal nave from the side naves; ten steps lead from the principal nave to the "Königschor," under which is the imperial vault, in which Conrad II., Heinrich III., IV., and V., Philip of Swabia, Rudolf of Hapsburg, Adolf of Nassau, and Albrecht of Austria, together with the wives of several of them, were entombed.

The interior of the cathedral is simple, noble, and severe, and, thanks to the frescoes, very beautiful. Instead of the stone statues of the emperors entombed here, which once adorned the cathedral and were ruthlessly destroyed by the French, there are two modern monuments to the memory of Adolf of Nassau and Rudolf of Hapsburg, and several copies of celebrated religious pictures.

Without going further into details, suffice it to say that the cathedral of Speyer is scarcely inferior, in every thing that interests the connoisseur in architecture, to the better-known cathedrals of Cologne, Metz, and Strasbourg.

ISABELLA'S PIANO.

(Translated for the JOURNAL.)

WHEN Serrano was Regent of Spain, among the *on dits* that passed current was the following:

Madame Serrano, as wife of the regent, occupied the apartments in the royal palace of the ex-queen, and no doubt she was well pleased with her residence, for the rooms were most luxuriously furnished. But soon after the regent's occupancy of the palace, Isabella demanded the restitution of such of her private property as it contained, and the Spanish nation was in no wise disposed to withhold any thing from her that she could justly lay claim to; all was to be forwarded to her, to the very last article.

Load after load of boxes and bales was carted to the depot, to be forwarded to Isabella by rail, and among the articles sent there were not a few that the new occupants of the palace were very sorry to be deprived of. After a time the ex-queen made a demand for several things that were wanting,

especially for a piano that a musical association, of which she had been the patroness, had presented her with.

The instrument was very richly ornamented with gold, and bore on the front side a beautiful medallion set with diamonds. It was, said Isabella, when she left Madrid for a watering-place near the French line, in her private apartments. But Madame Serrano knew nothing of—had not seen it—and the whole palace was ransacked for the lost piano, yet it was nowhere to be found. The dethroned queen, however, insisted that the "valued souvenir" should be restored to her. The consequence was, that the situation became embarrassing for Serrano *vis-à-vis* of his afore-time patroness, and all the more so as it was said that the piano was in the late queen's apartments when the Serrano family moved into them. Serrano even hunted through the palace himself for the lost instrument, and, although Madame Serrano assured him that it was not in her rooms, he included them in his search, being haunted by a dim recollection that he had seen it somewhere. Finally his threats and entreaties drew from his consort the humiliating confession that she, in a momentary pecuniary embarrassment, had sold the piano. The scene that followed in the Serrano household is said to have been much more animated than edifying; but the regent knew now, at least, where to look for the missing "souvenir," which was a great point gained.

He immediately sent a confidential agent to the purchaser, in order to buy it back again; but—O monstrous!—the instrument had already become so demoralized, so plebeian, as to be the inmate of a coffee-house, after having been robbed of its costly ornamentation of gold and diamonds, which had been disposed of to a jeweler. What was to be done? The *Chronique scandaleuse* of Madrid had already taken up the subject, and therefore there was no time to be lost. Serrano's agent repaired to the coffee-house and offered double the sum for the piano that was paid for it; but the cunning landlord declared that he could not do without it, and consented to part with it only when five times the sum he had paid was offered him!

Now the jeweler was hunted up, and he was found to have as sharp an eye to business as the coffee-house man. He expressed a thousand regrets that he had already melted up the gold and disposed of the diamonds; he added, however, that it would be possible to reproduce the ornamentation even to the smallest detail, as, on account of the beauty of its design, he had made a careful sketch of it. This statement looked rather improbable; but the piano must be forthcoming, cost what it would, and that, too, exactly in its original dress, in order to avoid the threatened scandal. The jeweler's demands were acceded to, and in a remarkably short space of time the instrument, carefully packed, was returned to the palace, where it is said to have been finally discovered in an out-of-the-way corner, together with other of the ex-queen's personal belongings.

When the fearfully mistuned piano, that had cost the regent so much money and had made him so much trouble, was finally forwarded to its owner, he felt greatly relieved. And the piano, however much out of tune it was, probably found its wonted harmony sooner than did the little domestic circle in which it had caused such an unharmonious intermezzo.

THE REAL PROSPER MÉRIMÉE.

It is within the present writer's recollection to have met Prosper Mérimée at one of those Parisian *cafés* which form the resort of the plith of the literary world. The place

was generally well attended by famous men, but it was never more crowded than when Mérimée happened to be there. His brilliancy of conversation, the effective manner in which he poured out the overflowing of his wit, made of him one of the most desirable men of Paris. On this occasion a young sculptor of talent was holding forth on artistic theories, and he came to speak of glory with the fervency of an adept. "*La gloire!*" said Mérimée, with a caustic smile. "Do you then believe in glory, young man?"

This exclamation remained in our memory as the dejected profession of faith of a wasted life. Such, indeed, was Prosper Mérimée's; and it can be safely affirmed that this unfortunate result was provoked by counteraction against Nature, and the valuable information afforded by his correspondence goes to support this view. Throughout the emptiness of his life prevails. To sum up, he sifted languages, literatures, and characters; he studied his species in all parts of the globe; and, as a just retribution for spurning all subjects of study after devoting his attention to each, instead of drawing consequences from the synthesis of things, he sickened, and looked about him for something to love or to like. Failing in his endeavors, he led the brilliant and sterile life of a delicate *découvert*, and listlessly wandered through the drama of life, obviously without object, and certainly without desire. What was the use for him to apply his energy to some great work; to labor for a definite enterprise? He was a skeptic, and much of a cynic, too; his soul was as well closed to narrow egotism as to a noble faith in the perfectibility of human attempts. Vanity he had none; he cared not a whit for glory. If he achieved a few masterpieces it was for his amusement, not for others—he despised others too much for that; and, in his sometimes heroic contempt, the trace he would leave of his passage in this world troubled him but slightly. As most men who look upon the details of life too critically, he had lost sight of the good features of human nature only to give paramount importance to its vices. He commenced life on the defensive: suspicion bred bitterness; bitterness bred skepticism; skepticism bred the cynic. It is clear that such negative sentiments were not primarily in his heart, and that they derived their origin from mistaken notions. It is also clear that this singular man's heart never thrilled with love, and that a fatal distrust, on which we have commented, deprived him of a solace which might have made of him a far different individual from the polite, caustic, stoically desponding Mérimée, whom Renan gives as a type of a period. The "Unknown" was merely the recipient of those confidences which every mind has an irrepressible tendency to unfold; but that alone is no proof of amorous affection. Proud as he was, Mérimée doubtless selected her as the fittest person to preserve his secrets; and perhaps another deception might be added to the others, could he know that even this trust has been betrayed. Howbeit, the *Inconnue* was no more than a confidante. She might, perchance, have been more had she liked; and her own letters to Mérimée would show if she is responsible for preventing a very distinguished man from seeing clearly through his mistakes, and reconciling himself with his fellow-creatures.

This, however, is merely speculation, and one should only reason by facts on such delicate ground. What facts we have, lead us to point to Mérimée as the most unhappy of men. In the tumult of court-life, amid the uproar of the gayest society, he was more forlorn than in the solitude of a desert. His heart was dry to the core; the eventualities of daily existence were to him as the phases of a nightmare, in which he was forced into playing a part, although convinced of its van-

ity. He must, indeed, have longed to cast off the clay, as well as his official gear. His death was in unison with the mournfulness of his life.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

ROBINSON CRUSOE'S ISLAND.

(From the German, for the JOURNAL.)

CRUSOE'S island is to-day a little paradise. Lord planted there, on one of his voyages, apples, peaches, grapes, plums, strawberries, and several kinds of vegetables. The number of the latter was increased by a Scotchman, David Douglas, who landed on the island in 1825. He was not a little astonished to find a hermit there, who had been on the island five years. On the second day he was not a little surprised to see a man suddenly emerge from a clump of bushes and approach him. He looked upon himself as Crusoe's successor, although he did not occupy the historical cave, having built himself a hut of stones and sods, roofing it with the straw of wild-oats. As cooking-utensils, he possessed only a single iron pot, the bottom of which, one unfortunate day, had fallen out. This damage he had, however, had the ingenuity to repair with a wooden bottom; but now he was compelled to place his pot in the ground and build a fire around it. This man's name was William Clark, and he came from London. He had a few books, and among them there was a copy of Robinson Crusoe's adventures and of Cowper's poems. He called Douglas's attention especially to the well-known poem beginning:

"I am monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute," etc.

Nevertheless, he did not seem to be happy. There was one wish, his greatest, that he could not gratify—he could get no roast-beef!

At present, this island is in the possession of a colony of Germans. Sixty or seventy of our countrymen, under the leadership of an engineer named Robert Wehrhahn, settled there in 1863. They describe the island as being in the highest degree salubrious and fruitful. On their arrival they found large flocks of goats, about thirty half-wild horses, and some sixty asses. They brought with them cows, hogs, fowls, farming utensils, small boats, and fishing-tackle.

AN ANECDOTE OF AN ACTRESS.

BLANCHE D'ANTIGNY, the actress of Les Folies Dramatiques, who died a few weeks ago, had a colleague named Luce, who died a few months previously as suddenly as she herself did. A few days after his death Blanche ordered her carriage, and drove directly to the treasurer of Les Folies Dramatiques.

"I want an advance of one hundred and fifty francs on my salary," said she.

Astonishment of the treasurer, who knew that Blanche lived luxuriously, and always had considerable sums at her disposal.

"You are not joking?" he asked, laughing.

"By no means! I was never more serious. I have a special and immediate use for one hundred and fifty francs, and want you to advance them to me."

"But it would only be necessary for you to pledge one of those diamonds, and you would have ten thousand francs," observed the treasurer, pointing to her solitary earrings.

"I will tell you," said she, in a tremulous tone, as she dropped her veil to conceal two big tears; "it is for poor Luce's grave. I would buy flowers for it only with honestly-earned money."

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THERE are two kinds of ability which we Americans, in the discussion of our national and social affairs, seem to lack to a very great degree—the ability to make just comparisons and the ability to remember correctly. We have passed through two phases of national feeling, the optimistic and the pessimistic; but in both we have done ourselves injustice through precisely the same traits—our failure to recollect our true situation, and our failure to put it to the true test of comparing it with history.

In our earlier days, when, as a people, we were fairly boyish in our exultation over our wonderful country and its growth; when Dickens justly satirized us for making demigods of our public men, and believing every Jefferson Brick to combine in his person all the virtues of the ideal statesman; when we declaimed over the length of our rivers, the height of our mountains, and the greatness of our endless resources; when we looked upon every just criticism as a malignant insult, and rebelled against strictures that we now acknowledge to be true—we were exhibiting qualities to which harsh phrases are applied when they are displayed by the individual. We had not “learned our place;” we did not “know our level.” In brief, and to put it in fairer fashion, we did not remember how young we were as a nationality; how unfair a trial our experiment had received; how new and strange were the circumstances in which we were placed. We failed to compare ourselves, except for purposes of self-glorification, with older peoples, at whose errors we sneered; we neglected to find wherein we were erring—to see the moles in our own eyes; and we made ourselves more or less ridiculous in consequence.

And in these later times, when it is the fashion to look upon our public men as a *coterie* of thieves; when we speak apologetically of many of our laws, much of our system, and several large classes that have grown up among us; when it is in the *mode* with our prominent social class to waste admiration on a successful charlatan like Napoleon III., to talk about personal government as “the best way to keep a people in order, after all;” and to sigh after the wise, conservative, and statesmanlike system of the English Government—we are committing the same old errors over again in a varied form. We forget the gains of past and present; we forget those very points of our vantage which other nations best remember; and we constantly neglect all comparison of what we have achieved with the time we have taken in achieving it.

We forget the work of our public men, even those who call forth our best admiration, and who are most widely awarded the reputation of real statesmanship. There is

no country in the world where a great name passes so quickly into forgetfulness, or becomes little more than an occasional catchword of partisanship or rhetorical patriotism. We forget our great events almost as soon as they have passed; the issues we have dealt with and carried to successful results; the things we have said we were going to do.

Twenty or thirty years ago—perhaps longer, for the date has escaped our memory—a vacant square in the upper part of New York was set apart for the location of a great monument. With much waving of banners, speech-making, calling on the shades of the fathers, and other attributes of a popular and patriotic celebration, a great concourse of people went to the spot and laid a cornerstone, with solemn festival, hearing much talk of how the lordly shaft would overshadow things when it was finished, and so on. Where was activity of subscription-collectors, appointment of committees, and general fervor of the popular heart; and then all these good citizens went quietly home to their several dwellings, and forgot the whole affair. A few weeks ago, some legal or other question called attention to the matter. Some workmen were set digging in certain unoccupied parts of the tract of land, and an enterprising newspaper reporter discovered and visited the locality. There were several “substantial blocks of buildings” on the square; it was like any other well-built portion of the city; the corner-stone “said to have been deposited there” could not be found.

Surely nothing was ever more refreshingly illustrative and characteristic than this. But it is using a little thing as a type of the great. We forget important popular enthusiasms, absorbing questions of the past, wars, great national improvements, with much the same ease with which these excellent metropolitans dropped their monument into dense oblivion.

What has especially moved us to this slight dissertation on the forgetfulness of the American people, has been a recent and most noteworthy example of the national fault—an example likely to have less innocent results than the monumental one just cited. It will be remembered—if the memory of those concerned reaches back so far—that less than a year ago we had what was called a financial crisis, and that for some time after it the country seethed and bubbled with a discussion of “the financial problem.” The crisis was itself in great part a result of the national forgetfulness and failure to compare the facts of the past; the discussion of the problem showed an extraordinary amount of the same qualities.

Does anybody discuss that problem now, when the pressure of an immediate and palpable danger is for the moment taken away? Is the popular mind intensely occupied, as it ought to be, with the proper methods of preventing another similar disaster?

A few *doctrinaires* still keep the ball languidly rolling—a few societies discuss it—but so may antiquarian societies in the future discuss the New-York monument. A few accomplished financiers write letters and make speeches about it, and political committees put it into their platforms as they would an allusion to the Declaration of Independence, or any other requisite.

But the deep, intense popular interest that pervaded every mercantile class awhile ago—what have people done with it? They have gone home and forgotten it, as they did the monument project. There is no comparison of the facts of the present with the past to see if the crisis may come again; people are out of instant danger, and are tired of talking about it; a scandal has overshadowed it in importance; and there are less embarrassing questions to occupy the hot weather.

A correspondent of the *Tribune*—one of the few correspondents who have not forgotten—writes some pregnant sentences of this, but we have one fault to find with them. “When the fever was on,” he says, “we listened to the doctor, and believed our circulation was really defective; now that we have cooled off, we forget that we are passing through only another stage of the disease, and hope that we are convalescing without having taken one step toward perfect health. When we were suffering last fall we were unable to study our malady; we are at present strong enough, but refuse to consider it. We can stand the lance, but dare not.” We believe the latter part of the statement to be not entirely correct. We think there is little *fear* in the matter. The danger is removed, and nobody remembers it; that is all.

Happy national characteristic! Which-ever side we took in the discussion when it was hot and heavy, the same pleasing forgetfulness is common to us all now that there is a lull.

And only the few men who do not forget, and do not neglect to compare, see that the whole matter is no more done with, no more distant, than it was in the heat of the panic.

We live much too busily in this land of great resources to have to think about or husband those resources, unless the danger hangs directly over our heads. And when the next crisis comes, and the enterprising editor turns back his files to study the theories and doings of the last, he will find, as the reporter did in the monument park, that “the corner-stone said to have been deposited” is not there. The people had gone home and forgotten it; and their talk about giving the building a safe basis had vanished into thin air.

—The tastes of American readers of books have perceptibly taken a wider scope within the past few years, with the result of giving greater dignity to a hitherto unobtrusive and even obscure branch of the literary

art. As the modern languages have become more generally cultivated, and a liking, especially for German and French, has become wide-spread among our youths, a recognition of the rich stores of foreign literatures has broadened the area of choice to the general reading public.

The mass of readers, indeed, will never read the great French, German, and Italian writers in the originals; this higher pleasure must always be reserved for the studious few; but the study of their excellences by the studious few acts upon the many, and creates popularity for good translations of them.

It is only recently that translations, even of the most celebrated French and German authors, have been any thing like profitable commercial ventures to the publishers. The attempts to present English versions of Balzac and George Sand have failed again and again; it is only since the appearance of "Les Misérables" that translations of Victor Hugo's earlier works, among them that fine romance, "The Hunchback of Notre-Dame," have received any degree of encouragement; such writers as Châteaubriand, De Musset, and Sainte-Beuve, have fallen flat; Henri Martin's great history of France had to be suspended for want of patronage; and even now the publisher would be rash who ventured upon the publication of that most sparkling of French histories, that of Jules Michelet. The works of Guizot and Thiers, except in so far as those of the former have been used as college text-books, have never been received with the appreciation which they have deserved. The only French translations, up to within eight or ten years, which have generously repaid the publisher, have been those of the brilliant and sensational stories of Dumas the father, and Eugène Sue.

A change in this respect, however, is very patent. Not only have the works of French novelists of a rank certainly inferior to that of Balzac been translated and had a wide sale, but the field has broadened so as to include writers who describe customs and character far more remote from our interest and familiarity than the French. Stories of Norwegian and Russian and Danish life have become rivals of the English and American novels of the day; the works of Björnson and Tourgenef and Hans Andersen, of Spielhagen, Auerbach, and Mrs. Mühlbach, are scarcely less well known to the mass of the American reading public than those of Wilkie Collins, Charles Reade, and George Eliot.

Nor has this fashion of foreign reading been confined to fiction. It is an excellent sign that books like those of Hippolyte Taine, of Michelet, of Renan, of De Coulanges and Pouchet, of Lange and Deutsch, should become really popular, and be as attentively read as English works of criticism, sentiment, and theology. Such an extended range of reading has the same result upon the literary breadth of the minds of the public as travel

has upon the subtilty and scope of the judgment; and, as all literature is more or less history, no foreign book can be read, whether it be grave or gay, without an addition to the stock of one's substantially useful knowledge.

This increasing taste for the perusal of the products of foreign talent is little likely to recede or go out of fashion; on the contrary, as long as our world goes on advancing in intelligence, the probability is, that it will tend to become constantly more fixed and more broad. Thus the art of translating is destined, perhaps, to take a higher place among the literary arts than it has hitherto held. There have been, to be sure, great translators of the ancient and medieval classics, such as Pope and Cowper, Longfellow, Bryant, and Cary, Lord Derby and Mr. Gladstone, who have added to a fame already won by giving English versions of Homer, Virgil, Horace, and Dante, which, in some cases at least, owed much to the original conceptions of the translators themselves. Pope's "Iliad," and Lord Derby's, are great English poems with a Greek foundation.

It is becoming important, however, that there should be able and skilled translators of works which, if less exalted than "Iliads" and "Infernos," are yet worthy of and demand finished and artistic treatment. This branch of the literary profession must be more fully recognized as one of dignity and difficulty, as affording a field for the exercise and triumph of a high order of talent. The ordinary idea of the qualifications for translating, that all that is necessary is that one should be able to read French or German glibly, is essentially an ignorant and vulgar one.

The translator is to the author what the actor is to the dramatist, and it is as absurd to consider everybody who is able to read French qualified to translate Victor Hugo or Renan as it would be to say that any one who commits the part of *Hamlet* well to memory is capable of assuming the character of the royal Dane on the stage. The translator must be an accomplished man of letters, and something more; just as an actor must be trained to graceful action, and something more.

There must be a close sympathy between the translator and his author; he must enter into his moods, and change his mood as often as the other; he must meet him on the common ground of the unspoken language of thought and emotion, which is the same to, and can be understood alike by, the active minds and souls of every clime; and, meeting him there, he must gather his meaning. This is the second feat for the good translator to perform. Of course, he must know the original language in its intimate depths; he ought even to know its *patois*, provincialisms, and slang of the street. To attain this must be his first conquest. Then, knowing the language, and having thoroughly imbued himself with the spirit of his author, and entered into him as completely as Carlyle en-

ters into his heroes—Cromwell, Frederick, Mirabeau—breathing them into a new life and motive, making them speak and walk before us, not as stiff ghosts mechanically galvanized, but as proper and awe-inspiring yet all human men, so that the current of his own thought runs in the channel of the author's, and finds its outlet into the same conclusions and even into methods of expression and illustration. Having thus become, not only French, but dramatic and epigrammatic, with Victor Hugo; not only German, but sentimental and alternately weirdly and gently soul-stirring, with Jean Paul, he must be such a master of his own English that he can summon its every resource, "ranging from the unbooked freshness of the rustic to the most far-sought phrase of literary curiosity."

He must, therefore, be a profound artist, and a finished student of this art. To open the brimming storehouses of German, French, Italian, Russian, Scandinavian, and Spanish letters, to be enjoyed by other millions to whom the originals are as a sealed book, is a labor not less honorable and to be honored than to reproduce in English metres the epics of Greece and Rome, the exquisite songs of Castile, and the sublime pictures of Dante.

Of the mass of translations it cannot be said that they exhibit the art in these its proper proportions; but, happily, here and there a translator seems to approach very nearly the standard which the elevated view that we have taken of such literary occupation demands. If all the French standard works worthy to be perpetuated and spread could receive such a metamorphosis into pure English, preserving still the flavor of the French and the peculiar genius of the author, without a single French idiom or strained idiosyncrasy, as is to be found in Mr. Benedict's version of Hugo's "Ninety-three," and Mr. Holt's version of About's "Man with the Broken Ear," we should have added to our library stock a most precious reinforcement and treasure.

It is a field in which effort must ere long be lucrative both in reputation and income. As long as such a writer as Balzac in the French, and Goethe in German, have not received such translations as enable the mass of readers to taste their flavor and fully appreciate their genius, the possibilities of artistic work in this direction are certainly vast. Meanwhile, those who already translate well should be recognized and encouraged more than they are now; criticism should not confine itself to the work, forgetful of him who has spread its treasures before another world, dressed it in the new garb of another tongue; whose work, if well done, is a piece of art which is even in some respects creative, and is at least only inferior to the original creation; and who can only have done his work well after much study and experience, and by the possession of a peculiar literary gift.

— When the secondary and more occult effects of strikes and lock-outs become better understood, we shall begin to have legislation upon what is called the labor question more logical and comprehensive than any thing now existing. We may even hope to see the day when to make a law prescribing the number of hours which shall constitute a day's work will be considered no wiser than those now obsolete statutes which regulated the weight of penny-loaves, and laid down in advance the price of herrings for each month in the year.

It is the almost invariable practice of writers upon the subject of coöperation to apply their severest terms of condemnation to trade-unions, and to find in the organizations of laborers evils which they fail to detect in other quarters. Within the last three hundred years the English Parliament has passed many stringent acts against working-men, with penalties of fine and imprisonment against such as should endeavor, by combinations, to raise the price of wages or decrease the hours of working; but we are quite sure that there cannot be found, during the same period, any statute making it unlawful for employers to combine for the purpose of lowering wages, locking out operatives, and increasing the price of manufactured goods. In this country what little legislation there has been upon these subjects has been brought about by the *Labor Reformers*, and the intention has been to favor labor rather than capital. The wealthier classes have, however, been all the while quietly legislating in their own behalf in a manner which has been far more fruitful of advantages to themselves, while the evils consequent upon their special legislation have, until very recently, escaped the attention of the community at large. The consumers in cities are beginning to ask why ice-dealers sell at the same price, and that an unnecessarily high one; why anthracite coal should have a rising scale of price as fixed and uniform as the phases of the moon; why, where one fire-insurance company refuses to take a certain risk at a certain price, twenty-six other companies immediately think it unadvisable to do otherwise; and, in fine, why corporations have such an excess of power over that possessed by individuals. The laboring classes, who should have been watchful to do so, have failed to prevent capital from obtaining, through the lobby and the Legislature, advantages to their prejudice, and have felt themselves forced to adopt remedies outside of all law. Hence trade-unions and strikes.

The intimidation and violence which attend these attempts of working-men to get back by strikes the advantages which they have lost, are prominent evils, sufficient in themselves to warrant the interference of the State. The *Boston Journal*, in commenting upon a recent college address of General F. A. Walker, points out other incidental effects no less important. "The loss falling on the employer," says the *Journal*, "cripples him, and diminishes his ability to pay good wages in the future. It diminishes the production of the country, and thus raises prices, which fall upon the working-man

more heavily than upon others, especially if he has been draining his means to the dregs by participating in a strike or helping to support such participants. It drives away trade from the strike-smitten district, thus discouraging the growth of industries there, and restricting the laborer's resources. In an English port last spring the shipping business fell off one-seventh in a month, owing to the occurrence of a strike, all other branches of business showing the bad effect quite as plainly. All industries are related, and a paralysis in one is immediately felt by the rest, and extends its injuries from one class to another, until they rest upon those who cannot throw them off, that is, upon the day-laborers and their families. Even when a strike has been nominally successful, in addition to these effects of temporary paralysis there must be joined the inevitable rise of prices which comes from the increased pay to the workmen, and which generally quite offsets any advantage derived from such higher pay."

In every light in which trade combinations can be looked at, it is evident that they are prejudicial to the community always, and often to the parties combining and combined against. Justice to all parties requires legislation, which shall be logical and impartial. We do not want "eight-hour laws," or any special acts in favor of or against laborers. We do need a statute which shall make it criminal for any two or more persons or corporations to combine for the purpose of raising, lowering, or making permanent the price of any commodity. When such an act is passed, capital and labor will both understand that all leagues intended to destroy freedom of competition are outside of law, and revolutionary in character and fact.

Literary.

"ARCTIC EXPERIENCES, containing Captain George E. Tyson's Wonderful Drift on the Ice-floe: a History of the Polar Expedition," etc., etc., is the latest and at present the most interesting contribution to the literature of arctic discovery. The material that it furnishes to make a new sensation for those of us every-day readers who sit at home at ease is drawn from the intense anxieties, the indomitable energies, and the keen sufferings of a few men, whose seemingly stirring adventures, with their scanty results, have been purchased at the cost of incalculable hardships and broken constitutions.

Arctic exploration is but a dreary business at the best, and its history shows a vast quantity of useless toil and misdirected endeavor; but no chapter in it seems to us to have shown more hopeless failure than this of the *Polaris*: a party of men divided against each other under the very circumstances one would have believed to tend to the closest unity; the death of the leader who, whatever his faults, at least exemplified the purpose of the expedition; then discouragement, and mismanagement closely bordering upon the criminal, by which one party navigates a leaky vessel with an undisciplined crew through a wearisome homeward voyage, while the other party is left on a bare ice-floe, gradually and constantly lessening, to endure the horrors of a hopeless

drift to the southward, with as desperate a fate before them as that of the ghastly survivors of "the wrecked *Méduse*."

Certainly not a very cheerful summary of the results of an expedition that had all past experience to profit by. Yet this is practically what Captain Tyson gives us in his account, with many of its most discouraging aspects not dwelt upon, of course, but only so touched that we cannot help seeing the wretched state of affairs through it all. The narrative is intensely interesting in many parts, as is natural, and never dull; and it is very often relieved, as to the credit of humanity even the most wretched narrative is, by instances of individual strength, and even heroism. But, as a whole, it gives one a dreary feeling to read it. It is not like Dr. Kane's record, or Dr. Hayes's, or the stories of some of the expeditions that searched for Franklin. Those were records of earnest enthusiasm and intense, united striving after success; this, the discouraging history of wretched mismanagement, lack of union, and all the unnecessary suffering that followed these as naturally as night follows day.

Captain Tyson's parts of the story are told well, with much simple energy of expression, and a good deal of vivid description; the editing of the work has been only fairly done.

Of all the passages suggestive of loneliness and suffering, which must abound in such a narrative, nothing has seemed to us more weird and dreary in its simplicity than this description of the burial of Hall:

"At half-past eleven this morning we placed all that was mortal of our late commander in the frozen ground. Even at that hour of the day it was almost dark, so that I had to hold a lantern for Mr. Bryan to read the prayers. I believe all the ship's company was present, unless, perhaps, the steward and cook. It was a gloomy day, and well befitting the event. The place also is rugged and desolate in the extreme. Away off, as far as the dim light enables us to see, we are bound in by huge masses of slate-rock, which stand like a barricade, guarding the barren land of the interior; between these rugged hills lies the snow-covered plain; behind us the frozen waters of *Polaris Bay*, the shore strewn with great ice-blocks. The little hut which they call an observatory bears aloft, upon a tall flag-staff, the only cheering object in sight; and that is sad enough to-day, for the stars and stripes droop at half-mast.

"As we went to the grave this morning, the coffin hauled on a sledge, over which was spread, instead of a pall, the American flag, we walked in procession. I walked on with my lantern a little in advance; then came the captain and officers, the engineer, Dr. Bessel, and Meyers; and then the crew, hauling the body by a rope attached to the sledge, one of the men on the right holding another lantern. Nearly all are dressed in skins, and, were there other eyes to see us, we should look like any thing but a funeral cortege. The *Esquimaux* followed the crew. There is a weird sort of light in the air, partly boreal or electric, through which the stars shone brightly at eleven A. M., while on our way to the grave.

"Thus end poor Hall's ambitious projects; thus is stilled the effervescing enthusiasm of as ardent a nature as I ever knew. Wise he might not always have been, but his soul was in this work, and, had he lived till spring, I think he would have gone as far as mortal man could go to accomplish his mission. But with his death I fear that all hopes of further progress will have to be abandoned."

Captain Tyson's book throws little real:

light on the mystery surrounding much of the history of affairs on the *Polaris*; but that he shared feelings of intense animosity against some of his companions may be gathered from a single extract from his journal: "The fear of death has long ago been starved and frozen out of me; but, if I perish, I hope that some of this company will be saved to tell the truth of the doings on the *Polaris*. Those who have baffled and spoiled this expedition ought not to escape. They cannot escape their God!"

"The Best of Husbands," a novel by Mr. James Payn, is a story compounded of enough ghastly, disagreeable, and highly-terrible elements to have set up in business half a dozen sensational novelists of the old school, who—poor, ignorant creatures!—used only to kill men, and have ghosts appear, and perpetrate such simple and childish horrors.

Mr. Payn introduces a heroic and much-abused woman into this story very much as some ardent practitioner of vivisection might introduce a rabbit among the terrors of his operating-room and laboratory; he apparently desires to see how much she can bear—to test the strength of vitality in the conventional type of romance-heroine. So he puts to work all the ingenuity of the experienced and successful composer of "Murphy's Master" and similar fictions, and proceeds to bring to bear on this unfortunate being such a volley of troubles, villainies, mysteries, insults, and general woes, as certainly never fell to the lot of even the victim of a modern lady-novelist.

It is by no means enough for her to fall in love with one villain, and be nearly brought to ruin by his schemes, or to be finally disgusted with him and won in marriage by his brother, while various minor villainies, hovering about her path, set snares for her in all directions; she must needs find that her good husband gets up o' nights and goes down-stairs to have conversations with one Blake, who is a greater villain than any of them, after all. When the husband is forced by Blake to write a confession, which he cleverly does with ink warranted to become invisible two weeks after it is used; and when the heroine discovers that this confession probably relates to a murder, and is connected with various sounds of plexuses, stealthy steps, and crashes that she has heard, we naturally decide that Mr. Payn has gone nearly to the end of his rope, and that the poor girl must be now ready to die the modern heroine's touching death.

Not a bit of it, however. She comes up again (if we may be allowed a bit of pugilistic slang), as fresh as ever, to finish off another villain or two. She is not crushed when her husband's hair turns white, nor when he suddenly disappears; she circumvents Blake through the happy invisibility of the ink above noticed; and so invincible and altogether elastic and Tapley-like is this young person that, even when she finds that what her husband really did was to kill his brother and wall him up in the wine-cellar, she still maintains a comparative tranquillity.

Only when the objectionable Blake falls into a dock and is killed, thereby effectually preventing his informing her youthful son of the wine-cellar vagary of his father, does this really admirable woman cease from her arduous labors, and retire to live a placid rural life.

Her career was a trying one to herself; may we not remind Mr. Payn that, without his help, it need not have been a trying one to the reader also?

Of all Mr. James De Mille's numerous attempts to divert all the forces of Nature and

all the laws of the ordinary world from their course, in order to make what he deems a thrilling story, certainly "The Living Link" is the strangest—may we say also the most unutterably absurd!

A reviewer of the book might confine himself to saying that in it every thing happens which in reality could not possibly happen, and nothing occurs which in reality would occur; but perhaps Mr. De Mille might justly demur to this style of criticism; and we will leave the whole matter to the final decision of the curious reader.

If he does not decide that the heroic sacrifice on which the plot of the book depends is as unnatural as it would be foolish and criminal; that the heroine is extremely stupid not to guess the mystery which the reader fathoms when half-way through the book; that the very existence of this mystery in the midst of the surroundings described would be utterly impossible; that even a New-York jury would not find the ludicrously erroneous verdicts that Mr. De Mille's juries perpetrate—if the reader does not agree with us upon these points, we abandon him to Mr. De Mille as a fit disciple, sure to be amused, and possibly to be instructed, by the school of novels which "The Living Link" very fairly represents.

Mr. Smalley, the London correspondent of the *Tribune*, gives the following literary information and excellent suggestion: "A remarkable collection of caricatures of the French and German War of 1870 is on sale by Mr. Bain, the bookseller in the Haymarket. It is the fourth of the kind, and will be the last. The materials for a fifth could not, probably, be got together. This comprises, firstly, seven volumes, Imperial folio, containing about fifteen hundred caricature prints, mostly colored, issued during the war and the Commune. The prints have been mounted and classified. There are two hundred and thirty relating to the outbreak of the war, the subjects of which are Napoleon III. and the empress, together with Ollivier, Schneider, Fialkoo, Lebœuf, and other domestics, as Rochefort would say. Then come two volumes on the siege, pictures of its military and every-day life, fancy portraits of Trochu, Gambetta, Thiers, etc.; three on the Commune, with broadsides, caricatures of the Prussians, portraits of the Communists, pictures of the destruction of the Tuilleries and other buildings; and then one volume of German caricatures. Next we have *L'Éclipse*, in four volumes, royal folio, with all the suppressed numbers; *Le Grelot*, with ninety colored illustrations; *Le Sifflet et la Scie*, with seventy-nine; *Kladderadatsch*, 1869 to 1873; *La Pire Duchêne*; a complete set of Rochefort's *Lanterne*, in eight volumes, and of *La Cloche*, its unequal successor, in seven volumes; and, finally, a number of less rare but valuable books, relating to the siege and the Commune. In all, there are thirty-nine volumes, uniform in half-red morocco. This collection is said to be not less full than the other three, of which I spoke above, one of which is in the possession of Prince Bismarck, the second is in the British Museum, the third in the library of one of the wealthiest noblemen in England, from which it is not likely to emerge. The fourth ought to be secured for America, and I mention it in the hope that some one of the great libraries will buy it, or that to some one of them some public-spirited citizen may be glad to present so rare and inestimable a collection."

An English review announces that the Norwegian Historical Society has published the first and most important volume of a complete edition of the poetical works of Petter Dass, never collected before. "Dass, called the father of Norwegian poetry, was, like the first Danish poet, Kingo, of Scotch extraction. His father was a Peter Dundas, a burgher of Dundee, who came over to Bergen about 1630, to escape the oppressive laws of Charles I. against the Presbyterians. He married into a good Norse family, and their eldest son was the poet, known to posterity as Petter Dass, born in 1647. Dass lived high up in Nordland, close

under the Arctic Circle, and never traveled farther south than Bergen, where flourished the only literary life in Norway that was independent of Copenhagen. Petter Dass and his intimate friend, the gifted and beautiful poetess, Dorthé Engelbrechtsdatter, were the first writers of genius that appeared in Norway. The poetess was twelve years older than Dass, and was in friendly communication with the literary world of Copenhagen, and especially with Kingo, before Dass came before the public. On her return to her house in Bergen they mutually stimulated one another, and while he gained something of her fluency and grace, he helped to preserve her style from the excessive affectation of the day. Dorthé, who was called the eleventh Muse, Sappho being the tenth, is but little studied nowadays, while Dass is as popular as ever. His master-work is a kind of poetical description of life in the arctic provinces of Norway, and is called 'Nordland's Trompet' (Nordland's Trumpet). This long poem is written in the most airy, lively style imaginable, is full of quaint, egotistic humor, and is quite invaluable as a photographic picture of the times. Only in rare passages does it give proof of the imagination which Dass undoubtedly possessed, to discover which one must turn to his spiritual songs. 'Nordland's Trompet,' however, is quite a unique work, and its extreme popularity, undiminished after two centuries, proves its inherent vitality."

The *Academy* makes the following remarks on the first number of Rochefort's new *Lanterne*: "Perhaps the most amusing thing in the first number of M. Henri Rochefort's *Lanterne* (London: Simpson & Co.) is the English into which it is translated. Here is a specimen:

"'Tout est calculé pour que nos ramiers arrivent le soir à leur pigeonier, où un homme à nous les débarrassera de leur littérature; et l'abonné le plus irritable sera désarmé par la ponctualité apportée dans le service de son journal.'

"'All is so arranged that our "Mercuries" shall arrive at night at their "cot," when a man in our employ will rid them of their literary load; and the most irascible of subscribers will be put about by the over-punctuality brought to bear in the delivery of his paper.'

"Here is a fragment in the style of a third-form boy:

"'It is meet, however, that this glorious personage, wounded, spoiled by the habit of commanding, should forsooth once a week at least learn the truth.'

'Foresooth' is good, and there is something touching about 'at least,' recalling cheery memories of the Greek Delectus. But, when this fun is exhausted, there is nothing very brilliant about *La Lanterne*. It casts, of course, a lurid light on Marshal MacMahon, who is not descended from Brian Boru, it seems, but from an Irish doctor. The doctor, however, may have come, like Barry Lyndon, from 'the old ancient kings of all.' M. Rochefort has a passage of arms with M. Vuilliot, who defends the Carlists for killing their prisoners, on the ground that such massacres are reprisals. M. Rochefort replies that the murder of the hostages in Paris might be called reprisals for fifteen thousand of the people slain by the artillery of Versailles. If he really thinks this an argument, he must be very easily satisfied, but the whole controversy has only the interest of a strife between the *Rock* and the *Church Herald*. And it is scarcely fair of M. Rochefort to abuse New Caledonia as a bad place for free emigrants. Of course, as he did not like it; but there is a respectable cricket club on the island, and the manners and customs of the natives are most interesting. . . . On the whole, *La Lanterne* is much drearier than M. Karr's *Les Gueules*, which is saying a good deal; but it will be much more popular if it is prohibited. But we hope it won't be prohibited, and that the pigeons who are to save the republican capitol may return to their usual pastime of being missed by gallant sportsmen at Nice and Monaco."

In speaking of a typical book in the school of sentimental and emotional moral teaching, the *Saturday Review* very wisely says: "There are two classes of writers with whom we have no sympathy: those who make life hideous and unnatural by the crimes, the basenesses, the villainies they depict, and those who make it sickly by the sentimental sweetness and strained moralities which they offer

as the only mode of virtuous living. Between them, all the strong, clear, masculine philosophy of righteousness and truth and self-respect, and the wholesomeness of self-sacrifice—all under the regulation of the intellect—get lost to the left in a quagmire, to the right in a fog, and we are left to make our choice between nastiness and folly. We object to both, and prefer the third way of rationality and virtue, the absence of hysterics, and highfalutin' at a discount. There is no emotion, no virtue even, which is not to be kept in due subordination. By excess that which is sweetest and loveliest in life becomes hurtful and ugly, and lollipops may produce a surfeit all the same as beef, which is food, or gentian, which is medicine."

At the convention of scientific men held at Northumberland, Pennsylvania, to celebrate Dr. Priestley's discovery of oxygen, one hundred years ago, Mrs. D. H. Clark, of Northumberland, added to the other tributes to the discoverer's memory this brief poem, entitled "Laurel:"

"Weave him a deathless crown of *immortelle*,
Who triumphed over bigots of his day,
And of all days. Let diapasons swell,
To drown the far, faint echoes of that clamorous
hell

Where sack and flame and fury had their way.

"Kneel reverent by his grave, in this new land,
Which never yet has failed to welcome those
Who grope, in exile, for a friendly hand.
In her rich annals let the golden legend stand—
How Priestley found a haven from his foes."

Among the announcements of new books by Mr. Murray, the English publisher, is that of Dr. Livingstone's "Last Journals," including nearly all of the explorer's unpublished writings that have reached England. It is to have a map prepared in Africa by the author.

It is announced that we are to have from the publishing house of Henry Holt & Co. a volume of modern "Vers de Société," which will comprise the best poems of Frederick Locker, Austin Dobson, C. S. Calverly, Landor, Swinburne, Leigh Hunt, Præd, Thackeray, and others.

Music and the Drama.

THE close of the London opera-season provokes from our English contemporaries a summing up of defects and excellences which, on the whole, seems decidedly favorable. Mr. Gye and Mr. Mapleson have been rivals for years, and spare no pains each one to outdo the other. Perhaps nowhere in the world is there to be found a musical public so fastidious and exigent as that to which these *impresarii* have to cater. London opera-goers are for the most part people of great wealth and social position, with whom the consideration of price is of no weight, as compared with excellence of performance. This is very well illustrated in the tariff of prices adopted at Drury Lane for the performance of "The Talisman." Three guineas for orchestra-stalls, and fifteen guineas for private boxes, with corresponding rates in the other parts of the house, would make even an extravagant and purse-proud New-York public grumble, but it was not grudged at the English capital.

The palm is, on the whole, awarded by musical critics to Mr. Mapleson at Her Majesty's Opera, though the performances at Covent Garden were not only excellent, but of greater number. The principal bright stars have been Mdle. Tietjens, who stands preëminent as a *tragicomique* in English estimation; Mdle. Nilsson, who has appeared in three new operas, one of them produced for the first time on any stage; and Mdles. Tingelli, Lodi, and Valeria. The general company has been unusually strong, and it need not be said that the name of Sir Michael Costa, the conductor, who has had an absolute, tyrannical control

in the mode of producing the operas, is enough to give any organization a splendid *éclat*.

The principal great success of the season has been the production of Balfe's posthumous opera of "The Talisman," in Italian. Expectation was worked up to almost a feverish pitch, and it seems to have been fully gratified by the performance, which was magnificent in its cast, stage-setting, and general *ensemble*. The English interest in this opera was undoubtedly enhanced by national associations, as well as the fact of its being the last effort of one peculiarly representative of the English school of composition. Independently of this, however, the welcome given to the opera by genuine musicians was sufficiently enthusiastic to indorse its classical value.

The principal prima donnas of Mr. Gye at the Royal Italian Opera have been Mme. Patti, and Mdles. Albani and Mariman. Mme. Villa has also made a *début* so notably successful as to prompt the prophecy on the part of the English critics that she will be the successor of Tietjens as an interpreter of great dramatic rôles. The great complaint has been that the performances of this company have been so frequent as to tire out the stock-singers and chorus, thus rendering the support of principal artists quite unsatisfactory.

While on the subject of London opera, it will not be *mal à propos* to refer to one mode of procedure which might be remembered by our American *impresarii*. Messrs. Gye and Mapleson do not permit a great singer absolutely to monopolize any one part, as has been the exaction of the operatic stars in coming to America. Nilsson and Patti are not permitted to say haughtily to a manager, "No one else must be allowed to sing my parts, on condition of a certain forfeiture." As a consequence, the presentation of a comparatively small number of operas becomes practicable, public interest being kept up by the appearance of different singers in the same opera on successive occasions. No manager, however, would do this unless he found it accordant with the public feeling. As a protest against the growing tendency of operatic prima donnas to queen it without restraint over the manager, this liberty has considerable suggestive value, and furnishes an example worthy of being followed.

Hans von Bülow's fierce indictment of Verdi and Italian music in one of the German papers recently, is one of the most extraordinary documents that ever emanated from a musician. He seems not only to have thrown off the trammels of professional delicacy, but of ordinary propriety, and to have cursed with the witty and fluent coarseness of a costermonger. Herr von Bülow's judgment in matters musical is entitled to eminent respect, but a very common degree of penetration should have taught him how much his effusion would lower him in the eyes of the world, as well as weaken the force of statements clothed in language of such bitter virulence. He has done but little more, however, than follow the example of his chief, Wagner, who, however great his musical genius, has injured himself by the arrogance and bitterness of assumptions. The immediate cause of what, in Von Bülow, we are almost tempted to call the *ira demencia*, was the failure, in Milan, of Glinka's opera, "Life for the Czar," of which there was a recent account in the JOURNAL. The German *virtuoso* had traveled to Italy to witness what might have been denominated another triumph for Wagnerism, though, in a strictly musical sense, the Russian composer belongs to a school of his own, distinct from either that of Wagner or Rossini.

His disappointment at the coldness of the Milanese elicited the bitter assault we have spoken of. The *Musical World* sums up the *animus* and contents of the letter in the following:

"Having settled clearly to his own mind that the Italians are merely Latin barbarians, and that nothing is to be hoped for German 'culture' from that benighted race, Herr von Bülow sharpens his knife for revenge. In this he does wrong. Missionaries of truth and right do not usually punch the heads of hardened sinners who will not be converted; instead of this, they go on laboring with faith in the ultimate success of their principles. Not so Von Bülow. Like the Arab emirs of the Mohammedan propaganda, he goes forth with Wagnerism in one hand, and an abusive pen in the other, between which all who cross his path have to make their choice. So he proceeds to vivisection the Italians, operating on their tenderest and most sensitive parts. Here are a few of the axioms henceforth needing no proof to the Wagnerian believer:

"1. The Italian operatic public is a theatrical mob, presenting a repulsive spectacle.

"2. The triumph of Verdi's 'Requiem' was a triumph of barbarism.

"3. The Milanese audience of 'Life for the Czar' lay in wait to damn—irrespective of merit.

"4. The work of a Russian was *not* to find hospitality on Italian soil.

"5. The Italians cannot give a more serious and worthy direction to art among themselves by understanding German music.

"6. Toward any art not emanating from themselves the Italians show a repulsive hostility; they are so ignorant and impotent as to shudder with rage at the sight of any imposing superiority.

"7. Artistic things are worse in Lombardy now than in the days of the Austrian occupation."

It will be seen that the apostle of the German *cultus* has very artfully collected together all the reproachful statements which could possibly wound Italian sensibilities in a national and artistic sense. Aside from the mere proprieties, it cannot be doubted that such invective seriously injures the cause that Herr von Bülow has at heart. There is too much in what is known as "the art-work of the future" not to grow in spite of all hindrances, whether from avowed enemies or injudicious friends; but such fiery and malignant aggression is a two-edged sword that wounds in both directions. None will regret Von Bülow's angry *pronunciamento* more than the more thoughtful and prudent advocates of Wagnerism.

The American public will remember the Viennese Lady Orchestra, brought over by M. Rullmann three years ago; the *éclat* with which their first concert was received in New York; and, lastly, the ignominious failure, toward the close of the season, that grew out of their internecine quarrels. The lack of executive ability and firmness in the management, and the insubordination of the fair executants, seem to have ruined a probable success in which novelty was really sustained by no little musical excellence. Out of the nucleus of the same organization has been developed a much larger and more pretentious company, and their concerts have been received in London with a vast deal of both critical praise and popular favor. This orchestra was a very attractive feature of the Vienna Exhibition of last year. At this time there were forty-five performers. As the troupe extended its travels through Germany and Italy, several additional lady artists were secured, till it had reached

the number of sixty before making an appearance in London. The *Musical World* says that the performance, under the accomplished leadership of Mme. Amann Weinlich, is "admirable for precision, accent, delicacy, and the strict observance of light and shade." How far the pretty faces of the fair musicians are responsible for the warmth of praise, so far elicited, is a delicate question. Writers under such circumstances are not apt to put forth a very stern, masculine criticism. Operatic impressions are always alive to the importance of securing a beautiful face and figure, and these purely material charms have more than once saved the condemnation worthily tempted by poor voices and false art.

There have been some recent rumors that this orchestra has received an offer for America. In spite of the *fiasco* of its predecessor, there is no reason why it should not meet with a very decided success. But its management must be very different from the wretched manner in which the former orchestra was handled. An orchestra of sixty really accomplished lady players, with executive tact and experience at the head, could hardly fail to be enthusiastically welcomed throughout the whole country.

The disposition to welcome and encourage American talent in art has been steadily growing for a number of years. It is also just to say that there is a steady increase in the number of those who deserve to be welcomed. One of the latest and most promising aspirants for the suffrages of her countrymen is Miss Violetta Colville, daughter of Mr. Samuel Colville, a gentleman well known in amusement circles as a manager.

This young lady has just come from Italy, where she has been studying under the most distinguished masters, and has made her *début* with notable success. There is much reason to believe that Miss Colville may be regarded as the most promising of the young American ladies who have been recently studying for the operatic stage. Before her return to America an offer was made to this young singer to take the place of Mme. Peschka-Leutner in opera at Dresden and Leipzig. Peschka-Leutner will be recollected as the lady whose marvelous power of execution was a feature of the last Boston Jubilee. The compliment of being deemed worthy to succeed so great an artist, when paid to a young lady of so little experience, is something quite remarkable. Miss Colville will make her American *début* at Cincinnati in a four weeks' season of Italian opera during the exposition season. We trust, in the interests of American art, that we may have occasion to refer to the achievements of this young lady as worthy of the highest promise which has heralded her coming.

A new opera has been recently brought out in Paris, namely, the long-expected "Esclave" of M. Membré. The libretto, one of the authors of which is the celebrated comedian Got, is dramatic and well laid out. Kaledji, a young Circassian prince, has been made a prisoner by Count Wassili, a tyrannical *roué*. Kaledji succeeds in escaping, and finds shelter in the house of an old priest, Paulus, with whose daughter, Paula, he falls in love. A threat of the count's to seize Paula causes Kaledji to give himself up. The count, who, like all stage noblemen, is a most disagreeable individual, cannot rest content with this. In order to provoke Kaledji, he carries off Paula, and desires to marry her against her will. This is too much even for the long-suffering Kaledji, who forthwith heads a revolt of serfs, in which he is killed. Paula, finding her lover dead, kills herself, and the count, coming to seek her, is confronted by the old priest, who, in answer to his demand for Paula, points to her dead body with the words, "*Fiens la pre-*

dre," on which the curtain falls. A foreign contemporary, in speaking of the opera, says: "The music, which was written some time back—more than twenty years ago—is composed in thoroughly musician-like style. The choruses are massive and well harmonized, and the solos are melodious and of a charmingly distinctive character. The work was well performed, and M. Membré may be congratulated on a thorough success."

Of the company of eight Russian lady singers now performing in London, the *Graphic* says: "This accomplished party of vocalists, concerning whom we have already spoken in terms of high commendation, are now performing on three afternoons and evenings of the week at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly. Considering how short a time they have been in this country, they have achieved a remarkable reputation; and they made an especial hit at Lady Holland's garden-party last week, when the Prince and Princess of Wales, and the Crown Prince and Princess of Germany, among other distinguished personages, were present. These ladies are worth going to see, if only for their quaint and pretty appearance; for, in their blue-and-white national costume, they look like a bevy of bridesmaids. But, besides this, there is something very striking and original about their singing. Not only are their voices very sweet, but they keep time with marvelous precision, and the spirit with which they render Strauss's chorally-arranged waltzes seems to convey to the listener an entirely new conception of that species of music. During the intervals of breathing-time accorded to the Russian singers, the audience are entertained with a very skilful performance on the violin, mandolin, and guitar, by Messrs. Celli, Barbière, and Semplice; and by a violin duet by a pair of flaxen-haired young ladies, the sisters Arneni and Lilly."

The death of Herr Paul Mendelssohn-Bartholdy (at Berlin, on the 21st of June, after a very protracted and painful illness) demands a word of notice, not only because he was the last survivor of the family of four of whom Felix Mendelssohn was so illustrious a member, but also for his own sake. He was born in 1812, and was, therefore, three years the junior of his great brother. Through life nothing occurred to interrupt their perfect friendship; and, after Felix's death, if Herr Paul's interpretation of his brother's wishes led him, rightly or wrongly, to oppose the publication of his musical remains, we have at least to thank him for the two volumes of letters which he edited, and which, in their way, form a collection of symphonies, overtures, quartets, and *Lieder ohne Worte*, as characteristic of their author as his music itself. Herr Paul was always a lover of music, and his quartet parties were renowned in Berlin. In earlier life he played the violoncello; more than one of his brother's pieces was written for him, and it is hardly an idle fancy to trace the prominence which the violoncello occupied in Mendelssohn's orchestral scores to an early affection for his brother's instrument.

The Hungarian ministry have lately issued a decree allowing the public to manifest its disapprobation at theatres by hissing. Count Bissingen, in company with his friend, Count Esterhazy, having hissed a young tenor who did not please him, the young tenor summoned Count Bissingen, who was fined fifty florins. Against this decision the count appealed, and the result has been the decree above mentioned.

During the Berlin opera season which commenced on the 13th of August, 1873, and terminated very recently, two hundred and nine performances were given. The most popular opera was "Lohengrin," which was played twelve times; "Tannhäuser" and "Faust" were each played eight times, and the "Meistersänger" six times. In all, thirty-nine operas were performed.

Mr. J. A. Froude, the historian, has consented to become a patron of the second great Welsh Eisteddfod of the year, which will be held at Corwen in a few weeks. Mr. Froude is now residing at Crogen Hall, near the town.

Sir Michael Costa, it is rumored, contemplates making the restoration of the old pitch a condition of his reengagement at Her Majesty's Opera next season.

A new biography of Schubert, the work of Herr A. Reissman, has appeared in Berlin. It is said to contain a good deal of new matter, the result of inquiries among those of the master's old friends who are still living.

Miss Rose Hersee is to be *prima donna assoluta* of the Crystal Palace English Opera Company during their provincial tour, which begins on the 17th of October. Miss Blanche Cole will also be a member of the company.

It is stated that for their four months' engagement at St. Petersburg Madame Nilsson and Madame Patti will receive very nearly ten thousand pounds apiece.

Science and Invention.

MR. HERBERT G. TORREY, United States Assayer at New York, has prepared, for distribution among geologists and others, the following significant and important circular. It bears date from the United States Assay-Office, Wall Street, New York, and reads as follows:

"Sir: Having come into the possession of a small though valuable collection of American ores and minerals, the gift of my honored father, the late Dr. John Torrey, I take the liberty of addressing you regarding a plan proposed by me for the preserving of the same. As Dr. Torrey occupied at his death, and for many years previous, the position of United States Assayer, I have chosen to present this collection, as his bequest, to the government—a gift which has been gratefully acknowledged, the government causing to be erected, for its reception, in the Assayer's Office, New York, commodious cases bearing the inscription, 'Torrey Memorial Cabinet.'"

"Though this collection, as received and transferred by me, contains many rare and valuable specimens, it is my purpose to constitute it the nucleus of a more complete and extensive one. In order to effect this, I desire to secure the aid and cooperation of American scientists and collectors. It is with a view of perfecting this plan that I am prompted to address you, and request that you will bear the Torrey Memorial Cabinet in mind; and, when in possession of desirable specimens that can be spared, will forward the same to my address, to be received either as a gift or for exchange."

"So convinced am I of the need and value of such a collection that a special plea seems hardly necessary. Situated in the city of New York, where it can be consulted by miners, metallurgists, and others, this collection cannot but be of great practical value, and hence any additions made to it may justly be considered in the light of a public benefaction."

"Trusting that you will so regard it, and act favorably upon this request, I have the honor to remain, Very respectfully, yours,

"H. GRAY TORREY,

"United States Assayer."

"NEW YORK, 32 WALL STREET."

We cannot commend too highly the generous plan thus adopted by Mr. Torrey, and find in his course renewed reason for congratulating the country upon the activity and zeal of many of its public servants. Having carefully examined the collection here referred to, and obtained additional information regarding the proposed increase, we are satisfied that to scientists, miners, and metallurgists, it will prove an important aid in the furtherance of their plans. Mr. Torrey has the hearty support of Mr. Thomas C. Acton, Superintendent of the Assay-Office, and we bespeak for the Torrey Memorial Cabinet the aid and support of the public, to whom it is dedicated.

An American reader of the English scientific periodicals will be attracted and pleased by the numerous complimentary references to

American scientific enterprise and progress. It is true that these words of favor are often coupled with complaints against the action of their own government officers, and hence the motive may not always appear as worthy as it might, yet the facts remain, and by these we are justified in the conclusion that our legislators and executive officers are fully alive to the desires and just needs of science, and that our record will compare favorably with that of any of the great nations. These comments were directly suggested by certain remarks recently made by Sir William Thomson in a communication to the British Society of Telegraphic Engineers. The main purpose of this paper was to describe and advocate the writer's new method of deep-sea sounding by means of piano-forte wire. It appears that, although this distinguished and experienced worker had perfected his apparatus, the Challenger, in spite of his protest, was permitted to go to sea without taking advantage of it, the only satisfaction he received being a tardy assurance that, "when you have perfected your instrument, we will give it a trial." "The American Navy," writes Dr. Thomson, "looked upon the matter with different eyes, and certainly in a different spirit. They moved those who had the direction, and they took it up with the greatest zeal. Though they found the apparatus full of defects, they never asked me to perfect it, but perfected it in their own way, and obtained results. I went on independently in another line, and made a considerably different apparatus from that which is now being used by the Americans; but I certainly was very much struck by the great zeal and the great ability which the American naval officers showed in taking up a thing of this description, which had once been proved to be good, and charging themselves with improving the details, and making it a workable process." Gratifying as such an opinion is, it was not needed to convince the American public that among the officers of both its army and navy are to be numbered many who are an honor to the state they serve, and are none the less gallant for being wise.

The recent chemical centennial celebration was worthy of the man and the day. Among the many interesting features of the occasion was the following interchange of kindly feeling between the Old and New World chemists. They passed in the form of cable-dispatches, and read as follows:

"NORTHUMBERLAND, Pa., July 31st.

"The brother-chemists at the grave of Priestley send greeting to their brother-chemists at the unveiling of the statue of Priestley at Birmingham."

To this the following reply was received:

"BIRMINGHAM, July 31st.

"To the American Chemists assembled at Northumberland, Pa.:

"Our statue of Dr. Priestley will be unveiled to-morrow at Birmingham. Presented by the subscribers, through Professor Huxley, to the town, and accepted by the mayor. We greet you as colleagues engaged in honoring the memory of a great and good man. THE CHEMISTS."

Among the events of this reunion were an address by Professor Henry H. Croft, of Toronto, Canada, on "The Life and Labors of Dr. Joseph Priestley;" "A Review of the Century's Progress in Theoretical Chemistry," by Professor T. Sterry Hunt, of Boston, Massachusetts; "A Review of the Century's Progress in Industrial Chemistry," by J. Lawrence Smith, of Louisville, Kentucky; and "An Essay on American Contributions to Chemistry," by Professor Benjamin Silliman, of New Haven, Connecticut. The presiding officer

was Professor C. F. Chandler, of Columbia College. The success of the movement, as we have before stated, is due largely to the efforts of Dr. Bolton, seconded by the Lyceum of Natural History.

The *Journal of the Franklin Institute* for July announces that "Uriah A. Boyden, Esq., of Boston, Massachusetts, has deposited with the Franklin Institute the sum of one thousand dollars, to be awarded as a premium to any resident of North America who shall determine by experiment whether all rays of light and other physical rays are or are not transmitted with the same velocity." From a list of "conditions" which follows this announcement, we learn that each competitor must transmit to the secretary of the Franklin Institute a detailed account of his experiments and the results before January, 1875; that the board of managers are to select as judges three citizens of the United States of competent scientific ability, to whom the memoirs shall be referred, and that the memoirs shall become the property of the Franklin Institute. While we can but commend the motive which prompted this generous offer, it is to be regretted, first, that the competition is limited to this country, and, second, that the nature of the results had not been more clearly defined. We are, in this latter case, left in doubt whether negative results will be received; the reading would seem to imply this, and yet a more clear statement would doubtless be of service. With regard to the geographical limits, we can only say that, of the many premiums offered across the Atlantic for kindred purposes, we have yet to learn of one that limits the nationality of the competitor; hence we regret that it was deemed necessary in this case.

The last year seems to have given new impetus to the labors of the aeronauts, a result due largely to the cooperation of scientists, who have been thus enabled to obtain important information on vexed questions in meteorology. M. Lessajou, describing the ascent of MM. Croce Spinelli and Sivel, states that these observers reached an elevation of about twenty-five thousand feet. They found the temperature gradually decreasing, except when traversing clouds, beyond which the thermometer marked seven degrees below zero. At a height of fifteen thousand feet they saw, below their car, crystals glowing in the sun, and below them white clouds, which could only have been composed of frozen particles. The rays of the solar spectrum indicating vapor of water disappeared at the limit of their voyage. Thus this vapor does not belong to the solar surface. At sixteen thousand feet they felt uncomfortable, and had recourse to vessels containing a mixture of forty parts of oxygen and sixty parts of nitrogen. At twenty thousand feet they used one containing seventy-five per cent. of oxygen, and each time their physical and mental powers that had been weakened were restored. Thanks to these inhalations, M. Croce Spinelli was able to remove an old error, and show that the sombre color of the sky observed at great heights is the result of fatigue. After each inhalation of oxygen, the blue of the sky reappeared.

We learn from the *English Mechanic* that M. Gerardin has recently been making experiments with reference to oxygen in artesian wells. Having carefully examined a number of these wells in France, he concludes that oxygen is never found dissolved in subterranean waters when care is taken to obtain them without allowing contact with air. This is in-

dispensable, for, immediately the contact occurs, they dissolve several cubic centimètres of the gas per litre (in this way some previous observations are falsified). M. Gerardin states that he has often seen, within the ascending pipes, certain long, white, opaline filaments, adhering by one end to the side of the pipe and floating with the current. These algae have a curious property, inasmuch as they remain white in solar light so long as the water is without dissolved oxygen, and they turn green instantly the water begins to be aerated. Their sensibility to oxygen furnishes an extremely delicate reagent for ascertaining the (variable) depth to which the oxidation of the surface extends.

The hypodermic injection of chloral has recently been successfully accomplished, and with most favorable results. From a report of the operation, we learn that anesthesia was produced by injecting twenty-two grammes of a solution of chloral—one part in three of water—by a capillary puncture into one of the radial veins. At the end of ten minutes anesthesia was complete, the patient falling into a profound sleep, which continued for twenty minutes, and that during an extremely painful operation. The patient was roused by the passage of a rapidly-intermittent current of electricity between the left side of the neck and the epigastrium.

The French Association for the Advancement of Science is to hold its third annual meeting at Lille, from the 20th to the 27th of August of this year. In addition to the general séances and those of the sections, some scientific excursions will be arranged by the local committee, the president of which is M. Kuhlmann, corresponding member of the Academy. The president of the association itself for 1874 is M. Ad. Wurtz, member of the Institute. Communications should be addressed to the secretary of the association, 76 Rue de Rennes.

Contemporary Sayings.

A LETTER in the *Pall Mall Budget* informs us that "a very able note by Sir Richard Temple has just been published on the balance of trade between India and foreign countries. Sir Richard bases his views on the doctrine laid down by Mr. Goschen, in his 'Treatise on Foreign Exchanges,' that the balance of trade depends, not simply on the exchange of one country's produce with another, but upon the totals of all the amounts expended by each upon the other, whether in trade or payments of whatever sort. Sir Richard shows that the total merchandise exported from India from 1835 to 1870 amounted to 1,012 millions sterling. The merchandise imported during the same period amounted to 583 millions sterling, with 275 millions of treasure, leaving a balance of 154 millions to be redressed. This was adjusted to the extent of 113 millions sterling by public payments from England to India through the Secretary of State, leaving a balance of only 41 millions. Against the balance must be put remissions by private bills and the charges for freight. The total of these items now amounts to about 3½ millions a year, which, in the course of thirty-five years, would make 123½ millions. But the rate of 3½ millions has only been arrived at under the enormous development of commerce which has taken place since the country passed to the crown. Such payments by private bills and for freight suffice, however, to more than make good the balance of 41 millions above referred to. It is the first attempt that has been made to exhibit in a comprehensive manner the monetary relations of India with England and the rest of the world."

An English journal, by way of corollary to the unhappy fall of Groof, the flying-man, says: "His machinery failed and he was killed. Consequently everybody is writing that such dangerous experiments ought to be prohibited. That is correct, perhaps, so far as cities are concerned, as a man tumbling from a balloon may tumble on somebody else; but a law prohibiting such experiments altogether would have stopped the invention of the balloon, and would interfere with the trial of any ship on a new principle. M. Groof was obviously sincere, for he trusted his own life to his invention, and is no more to blame than a physician who tries a new drug on himself, or a diver who experiments with a new apparatus. Each may lose his life, but that is a risk which, supposing him to be honest, and not to intend suicide, he has a right to take. To take money for admitting people to see such risks, is a very different matter, and it is this, and not the experiment itself, which ought to be prohibited. M. Groof was a martyr to mechanics, not a criminal, and, if he had succeeded, would have been acknowledged as a shrewd and daring discoverer. If we go on at this rate, we shall imprison the next Livingstone who goes to Africa with insufficient quinine."

Mr. Spurgeon has recently administered a very strong rebuke to an oracular person who sent him a letter containing the advance information that God intended the attack of gout, which was then afflicting the great preacher, as a judgment upon him for his opposition to the Church of England. "If a swollen leg," says Mr. Spurgeon, "proves that a man is under God's displeasure, what would a broken neck prove? We ask the question with special reference to the late Bishop of Winchester. As for the information that, on account of our late speech at the Liberation Society's meeting, we shall soon have another attack, and, in all probability, will be carried off by it, we will wait and see if it be true. Despite the fact that the writer claims to be a clergyman, we are no more disturbed than if he had signed his name Zadkiel. The amount of bitterness which the post has brought us during the last month has proved, to our own satisfaction, that our blows have not missed the mark; but none write so furiously as our evangelical friends, who probably are more uneasy in their consciences than others of the State-Church clergy."

It seems to us that Dr. Clarke very nearly put the whole matter in a nutshell when, in his paper read at Detroit recently, he spoke of the "Sex-Instruction" question as follows: "The only difference between the sexes is sex; but this difference is radical and fundamental, and expresses itself in radical and fundamental differences of organization, that extend from the lowest to the highest forms of life. Progress is impossible without accepting and respecting differences of sex. That it is physiologically possible to diminish it, by an education arranged for that end, no physiologist can doubt; nor can it be doubted that identical methods of educating the sexes, such as prevail in many of our schools, tend that way. One result of a school system animated by such methods is to make a very poor kind of men out of women and a very poor kind of women out of men. Fortunate for the republic if no illustrations of the truth of this remark could be found within its borders. The best quality, noblest power, and supreme beauty of the two sexes, grow out of their dissimilarity, not out of their identity."

Whether the struggles of a criminal hanged in New Jersey recently lasted seven or twenty minutes, seems, to the *Christian Union*, a question of little importance. "So long," it says, "as choking to death is the legal penalty for murder, why should our sympathies be stirred about it? The old Mosaic law, which we profess to follow, had its simple requirement—a life for a life. Civilized Europe improved upon that, with its refined and ingenious cruelty. We look back with horror upon the stake and the wheel; the tearing asunder with wild horses, impaling, and tortures that are nameless; we have outgrown all that. But that the object of the present law is still to torture, can anybody deny? Let us be consistent at any rate. Record it against the nineteenth century that, with all our modern appliances for lessening pain, we consent to put our criminals to death by this agony, undefined and unlimited save by the greater or lesser

tenacity of life in each individual victim. If this be the spirit of the penalty, why lament—why not rejoice—when the suffering be prolonged?"

The *Tribune* says: "The sacrifices of Hymen are occasionally celebrated under extraordinary circumstances;" and illustrates the remark by this little story: "Two years ago, in California, one Joel Mansfield fired a pistol at Miss Mary Hein, with woman-slaughtering intent, and then, with suicidal purpose, did the same for himself. Recovering, he was three times tried for the attempted murder of Miss Mary, and three times did the conscientious and sympathetic jurors, after the ordinary manner of such functionaries in such cases, fail to agree. So the court told Joel Mansfield to go about his business. A short time since he made it part of his business to see Mary again. And this time he had his heart in his hand (so to speak) instead of his pistol. This mild manner of addressing her mollified Miss Moll, and, with or without the usual blushes, she consented to become, and she is now, Mrs. Joel Mansfield. All's well that ends well, but wonderfully queer the ending sometimes is."

There is something of the soothing-syrup puff, "children cry for it," in the following opinion of the *Church Times*, the organ of the English ritualists: "Ritualism is in the air in America, and lay people are crying out for it, so that, unless it can be stamped out at once, there is no prospect of keeping it from spreading soon, fast, and permanently." And would it not take very High-Church people to stamp out ritualism "in the air?"

The Record.

A WEEKLY RETROSPECT OF EVENTS.

JULY 31.—Advices from France that the Versailles Government has notified the Spanish Cabinet that France will act in concert with the Northern powers in recognition of the Spanish Republic. The Carlists claim to have defeated the Republicans in a battle near the frontier, between Castile and Navarre.

Serious strike of operatives in flax-mills at Belfast, Ireland; crowds of strikers parading the streets, and several bakeries attacked; the magistrates call for four hundred additional policemen.

AUGUST 1.—Postal convention with France goes into effect. Large fire in Muskegon, Mich.: two hundred places of business and one hundred dwellings, comprising the best part of the town, destroyed.

French advices report the issue of a Carlist loan of \$6,000,000, and that \$2,000,000 have been already forwarded to Spain. A violent scene in the French Assembly was brought about by the assertion of M. Saloni di Istru, a Bonapartist, that the republic had succumbed before the scorn of honest men.

Centennial celebration of the discovery of oxygen by Dr. Priestley. American chemists assemble at Northumberland, Pa., Priestley's burial-place.

Suicide of the notorious adventurer Gordon (the so-called Lord Gordon-Gordon), at Headingley, Manitoba.

AUGUST 2.—Advices from Berlin state that the object of sending a German squadron into Spanish waters is merely to protect German residents in Spain.

The United States Treasurer's statement shows a decrease in the public debt during the last month of \$1,389,866.13.

Advices from Brussels report that the Spanish delegates to the International Congress are instructed from Madrid not to participate in the deliberations, because the government is yet unrecognized by the European powers.

AUGUST 3.—Disturbances at Salt-Lake City during the election of delegate to Congress. A deputy United States marshal, a judge of election, and several policemen, arrested.

Advices from Spain that the Republican forces have entered Olot without opposition, the Carlists having fled and left behind one hundred prisoners. It is reported that the Carlists have shot the canon of the Diocese of Victoria, and that the Spanish Government are preparing to dispatch twelve thousand additional troops to Cuba.

Advices from Spain report that the Roman Catholic bishops have forwarded a protest to the government against recent enactments, claiming that legislative power as to the Church belongs to the pope alone.

The public-works regulation bill passed to a third reading in the English House of Commons.

The American base-ball players of the Athletic and Boston clubs begin a cricket-game at the

Lord's Ground, London, with the Marylebone eleven, in the presence of five thousand spectators. The main reservoir supplying Trenton, N. J., with water, gave way, inundating several streets; no lives were lost; damage estimated at fifty thousand dollars.

AUGUST 4.—Democrats carry the election for clerk of the Court of Appeals in Kentucky.—Meeting of the National Educational Convention at Detroit.—Steamship Corinth wrecked off the Irish coast; the crew saved.

AUGUST 5.—The French Assembly voted the entire budget, and adjourned till November 30th.—Burning of the steamer Pat Rogers on the Ohio River, near Aurora, Ind.; several lives lost.

AUGUST 6.—Advices that the Spanish Foreign Minister has addressed a circular, denouncing the Carlists, to the European powers.

Democrats win the elections in North Carolina and at Memphis, Tenn.—Publication of Mayor Havemeyer's answer to the charges against him of the abuse of the appointing power.

Notices.

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